The Legacy of Suez

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SCHOOL PRAYERS: GOD'S LITTLE HELPERS

THE REPORTER

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The New York Stock Exchange Specialist.

If you're interested in buying or selling stock, it's worth your time to understand how he might help.

When you buy or sell a round lot (usually 100 shares) of stock in the two-way auction market of the New York Stock Exchange, you probably want your order executed quickly and you surely want a fair price.

To get both, your transaction is often helped along by a man called a Specialist.

Every stock on the Exchange is assigned to a Specialist. The following may help you understand him and his role in your transaction.

■ He is a Member of the Exchange. Therefore, he is subject to many rules and regulations, developed through years of experience.

■ The Specialist, as his name implies, specializes in a specific group of stocks at one of the trading posts on the floor of the Exchange. There are approximately 350 Specialists.

■ He helps supply liquidity to the market. "Liquidity" is the ease and speed with which stocks normally flow between buyers and sellers in an orderly market.

■ For example, when you want to sell your stock "at the market" and there is no one to buy (no demand), the Specialist is expected, within practicable limits, to make a bid for his own account, reasonably close to the last sale price. This way he makes up for the temporary disparity between supply and demand. Similarly, he often takes the seller's role when you want to buy.

The result is that your transaction can usually be made in minutes at a price close to the last sale.

■ Or suppose there's an unusually large gap between what is asked for a stock and what someone is willing to pay. Then the Specialist might try to break the deadlock by making a higher bid or lower offer.

Though he doesn't keep prices from going up or down, he helps keep the market fair and orderly, aiming to prevent big jumps and declines in prices from one sale to the next. Exchange studies indicate that over the past five years, on an average, about 88% of all transactions were at the same price as the previous sale or within a quarter point.

■ Another major role for the Specialist is to act as a broker's broker, executing orders placed with him by other Exchange Members. If, for example, a broker receives an order to sell a stock at $50 when $47 is the highest bid in the market, he leaves his order with the Specialist, who tries to execute it when and if the price rises to $50. (He is paid part of the regular broker's commission, with no extra charge to the investor.)

The unique thing about the Specialist is that, most of the time, he buys for his own account when public investors are selling, and sells when they are buying. An Exchange study indicates that last year some 83% of his dealings—when related to the last different price—were purchases at declining prices or sales at rising prices.

Like any businessman, he hopes the risks he takes and the judgment he applies will make things work out profitably, for both the individual investor and himself.

Buying and selling a round lot in a fair and orderly market, with ease and speed, is usually taken for granted as part of the American way of doing business. The Specialist is one reason why it works so well.

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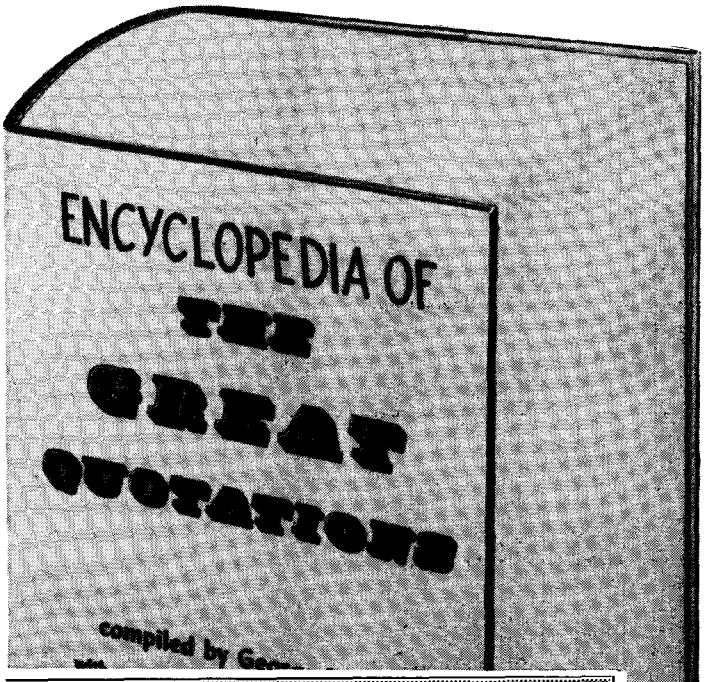

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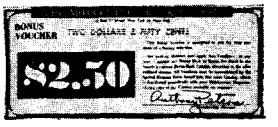

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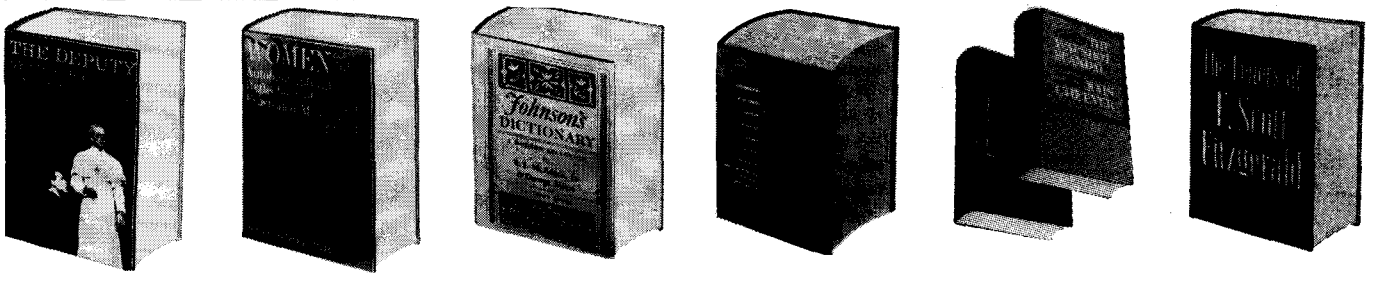

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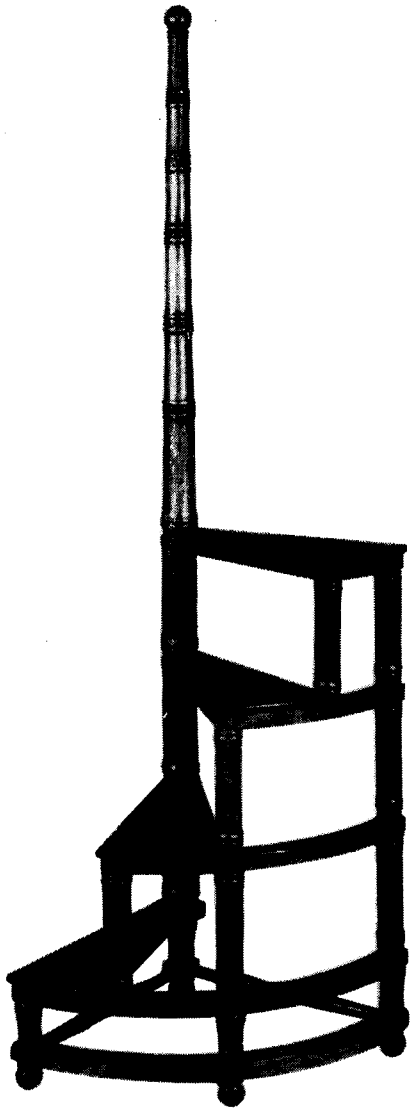

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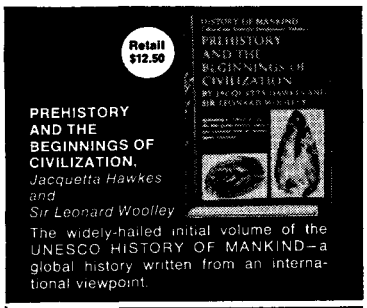

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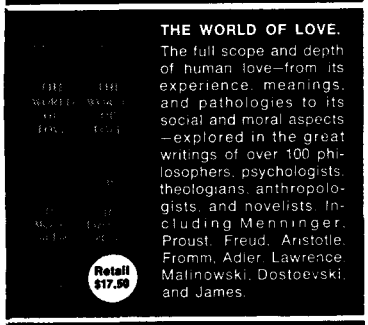

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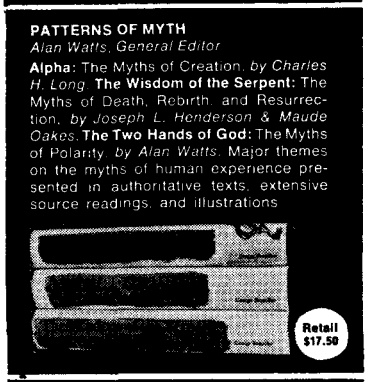

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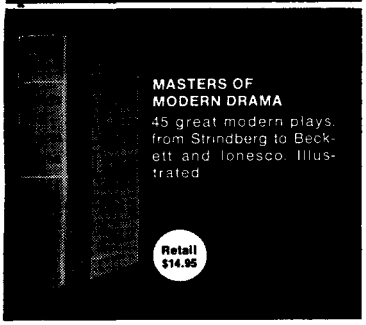

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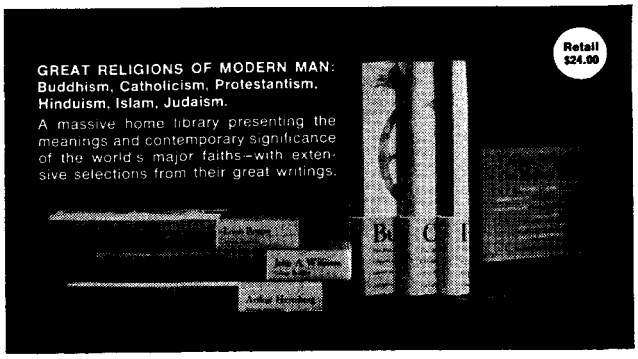

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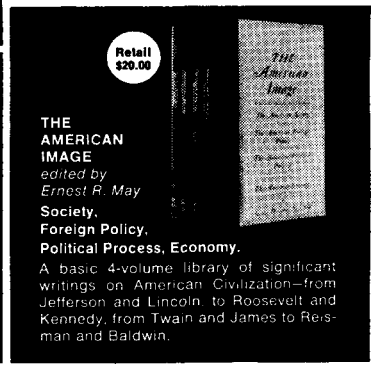

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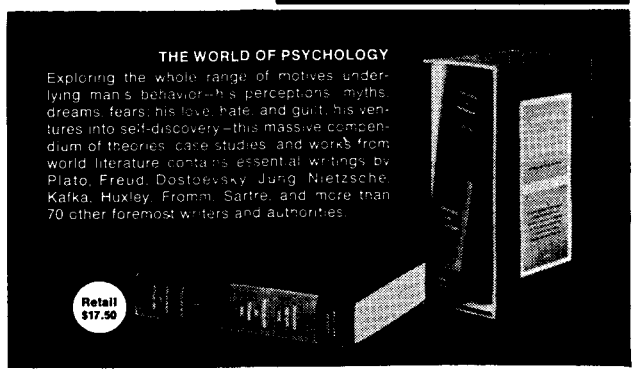

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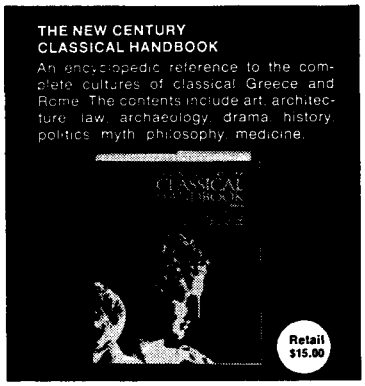

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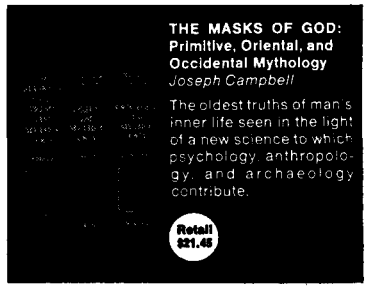

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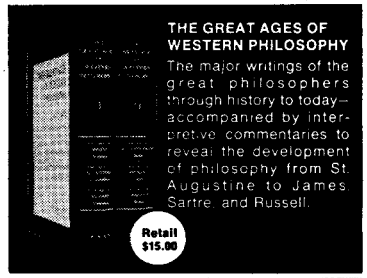

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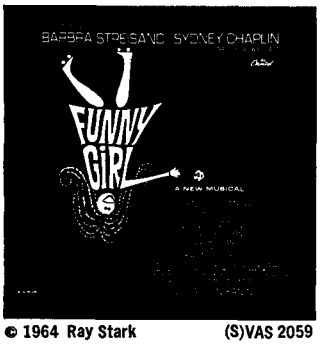

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MORROW

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IT WAS at Suez in 1956 that the British made what history will surely record as their last desperate attempt to assert themselves as a great world power. In turning against our old allies at that time, we offered no firm alternative policies beyond pious expressions of hope that everyone concerned would be decent and reasonable. Again and again, we have applauded troublemakers who had a nationalist flag to fly. Then, far too late, we discovered that there are at least two or three empires in the making in those large parts of the world that have freed themselves from colonial imperialism. This is the legacy of Suez.

Cyprus, whose liberation from the British yoke to become a so-called nation with a built-in civil war is described by **Claire Sterling,** shows how the NATO powers were responsible for a new entry into the club of the positive neutralists. . . . Malaya, which spent years putting down a Communist revolt, now finds itself—as part of the new Federation of Malaysia—threatened from without by the new-style imperialism of Sukarno, who naturally enjoys Communist support in his efforts to see that Vietnam and Laos are not the only battlefields in Southeast Asia. **Hamilton Fish Armstrong,** editor of *Foreign Affairs,* has recently returned from a trip to the front lines of the jungle war in Borneo. . . . The Australians are determined to stand by their friends the Malaysians against Sukarno's incursions. The next question, as **Denis Warner** points out, may be how determined the Americans are to stand by their friends the Australians against those great champions of anticolonialism, the Indonesians. Mr. Warner is an Australian journalist.

BOTH the supporters and opponents of Representative Frank J. Becker (R., New York) realize that the more the implications of his attempt to overturn the Supreme Court's school-prayer ban are discussed, the less chance his bill will have on Capitol Hill. **Robert S. Gallagher,** a member of our staff, describes the controversy and the attempts to inject the issue into the November elections. . . . When the Federal Communications Commission tried to formalize with its own regulation the broadcasting industry's voluntary code on commercial time limits, it was overwhelmingly rebuked by the House of Representatives. How and why are two questions discussed in detail by **Daniel Rapoport,** who covers the House for United Press International. . . . Increasing numbers of poor whites from the depressed areas of Appalachia have traveled the same roads North for much the same reasons as many Southern Negroes have. **Hal Bruno,** chief of *Newsweek's* Chicago bureau, offers a disturbing portrait of the social and economic isolation these less-publicized migrants face in the squalor of Anglo-Saxon ghettos.

THERE is no middleman between **William Saroyan** and his readers. He lives his life right there on the paper. We seem to be looking over his shoulder as his life takes artistic form. Mr. Saroyan decided to spend his fiftieth year in travel, writing a chapter a week on each year of his life and art. He tells here what he discovered about both. Mr. Saroyan's new novel, *A Day in the Afternoon of the World,* has just been published by Harcourt, Brace & World. . . . The poet **John Alexander Allen** teaches English at Hollins College. . . . In London, theatregoers have had a chance to compare two Chekhov productions—Tony Richardson's *The Sea Gull* and Sir Laurence Olivier's *Uncle Vanya.* **John Rosselli,** who gives his estimate of these contrasting approaches, is a British journalist. . . . **Fernando Krahn's** ticklish robot suggests that machines can become almost human. . . . **Frederic V. Grunfeld** is European editor of *Hi-Fi Stereo Review* and a regular contributor to these pages. . . . **Gerald Weales,** who teaches English at the University of Pennsylvania, is the author of books of criticism and novels, none of which has anything to do with gorillas. . . . **Richard Bimonte** is a free-lance writer currently at work on a book about Ibsen.

Our cover is by **Abe Gurvin.**

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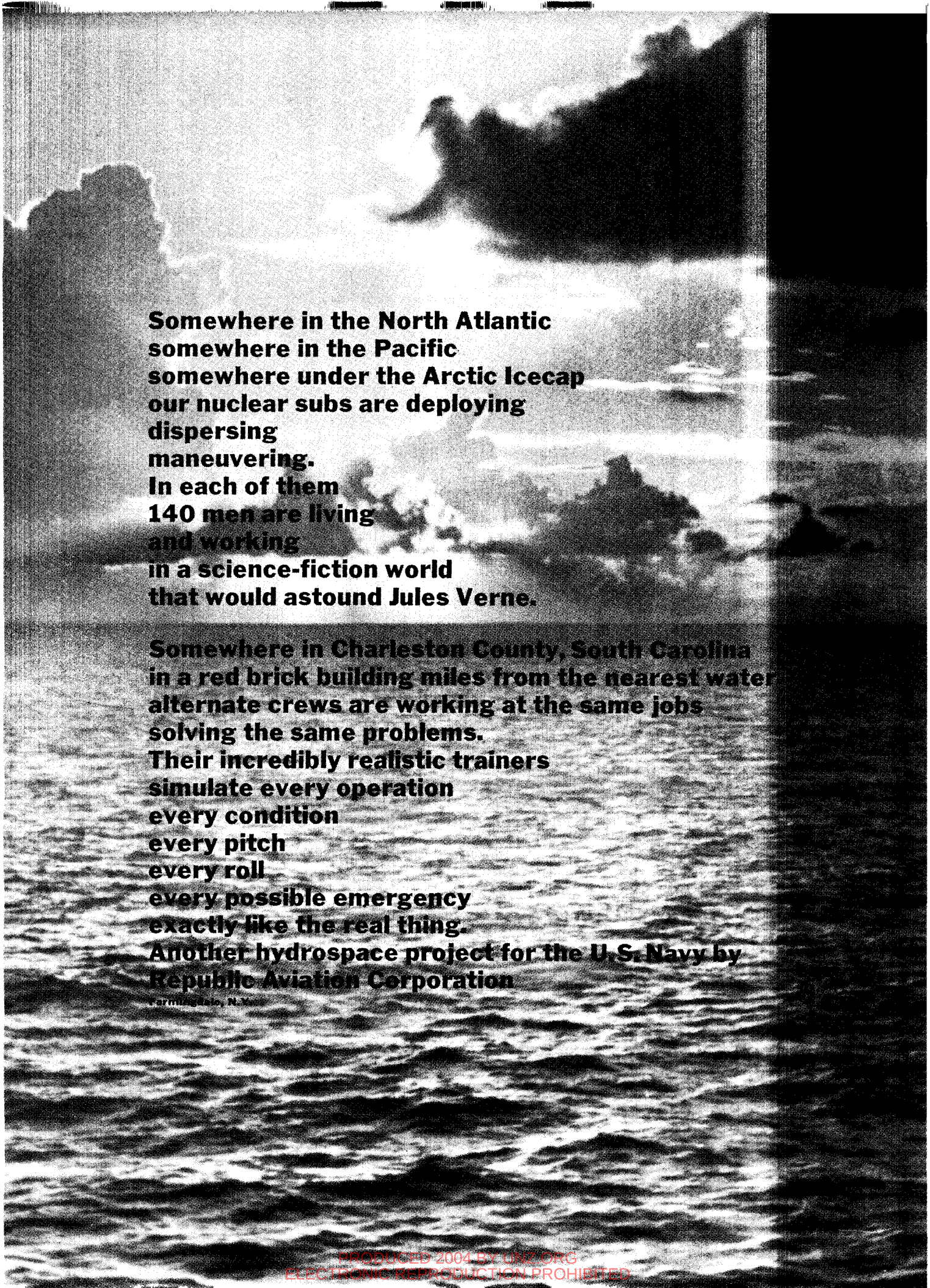

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CORRESPONDENCE

OUR FIRST FIFTEEN

To the Editor: It is an exceptionally rare case when an intellectual encounters a credo which exactly corresponds to the ideas he cherishes. This is what I felt when reading your editorial ("This Liberal Magazine, 1964," in the May 7 issue). I wish *The Reporter* every success during the next fifteen years of its publication.

JAN WSZELAKI
Adjunct Professor of International Relations
American University
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: Without going into the details of why I usually find myself warmly pleased with your editorials and your magazine, I am writing to express my gratitude for the first fifteen years and for your determination to proceed.

G. P. CAUTAEN
San Francisco

To the Editor: I thought your anniversary editorial was superb and needed saying. I'm a bit nervous about the rush to play co-God with Russia, too.

ERIC SEVAREID
New York

MISSISSIPPI SUMMER

To the Editor: Richard Woodley's "It Will Be a Hot Summer in Mississippi" (*The Reporter*, May 21) underlines three points in support of the forthcoming student "invasion." First, unlike many brief "hit and run" Southern visits recently by concerned students, this project plans to continue, for an indefinite period, making a contribution to Negro life in Mississippi. This could not be said of all earlier student civil-rights activities, and is the kind of sustained effort which will produce lasting gain.

Second, the project will surely elicit massive Federal presence in the state, in the forms of better surveillance than ever before and in stepped-up manpower, retraining, and poverty-aid programs. One need not resort to the near-cynical language of "pawns" in order to note that large numbers of students from influential backgrounds will undoubtedly produce this greater Federal presence.

Finally, participation in the project will have an indelible, positive effect on the student participants. Even if they end up in comfortable suburbia, they will live there with permanently pricked consciences, hopefully committed for the rest of their lives to realizing genuine community. It *will* be a hot summer in Mississippi, but a crucially important one.

JOHN D. MAGUIRE
Assistant Professor of Religion
Wesleyan University
Middletown, Connecticut

THE AFRICAN CONDITION

To the Editor: In my opinion, "The God Who Eats Corn" by Richard Murphy (*The Reporter*, May 7) is the finest item you have presented to your readers. It is a masterly exposition of a condition that obtains in Africa.

Your magazine continues to be the finest of its kind, deserving of the interest and attention of everyone who believes in serious, intelligent, and thoughtful analysis of what is taking place in this troubled world.

A. WALTER KRAMER
New York

CALIFORNIA POLITICS

To the Editor: Bill Stout's attempt to draw a threadbare veil of morality around the struggle within the California Democratic Party in his article "California Democrats: Battle Royal for the Senate" (*The Reporter*, May 7) is amusing. His analysis boils down to this: the good shall go to heaven, and the bad shall go to . . . well, they go to Assembly Speaker Unruh.

The protagonists of Stout's morality play are engaged in a royal battle for power. The good guys are Cranston and the poor, innocent members of the CDC (California Democratic Council); and the bad guys are Unruh and the rich, wicked professionals. The pros are power-hungry, but the amateurs just want control over the party.

The Democrats of California must be intact and strong in 1964, and responsible leadership is needed for the job. And so the play is not the thing—dynamic men are.

BERNARD W. SAGE
Alhambra, California

To the Editor: In California we can hope that the issues of who speaks for the Democratic Party and professional vs. amateur politicians may *not* be so quickly resolved.

We do need some other answers: which of our candidates, for instance, can be most effective in resolving the human, civil, and economic problems of our state. Pierre Salinger's personality and experience could lead to real achievement in this area.

GLORIA GRANZ
Los Angeles

To the Editor: Bill Stout shows particular insight in sizing up the California race for the U.S. Senate. His judgments on Governor Pat Brown are harsh, but he accurately describes the governor's forceful and forthright backing of Alan Cranston and an independent Democratic Party organization against Unruh.

Outsiders often wonder how Califor-

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WILLIAM ATTWOOD, newspaper and magazine writer and now Ambassador to Kenya; **WILLIAM S. WHITE,** journalist, author, and Pulitzer Prize Winner; **MARIANNE MEANS,** White House correspondent Hearst newspapers, and book and magazine author.

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nia can be threatened by machine politics when it has no patronage—but Mr. Stout gives a glimpse of the power struggle, and there is more to be told about the political power which comes from channeling the flow of money from the lobbies to favored candidates and officeholders, as exercised by "Big Daddy" Unruh. The struggle is real, and the stakes are high—and volunteers in the California Democratic Council represent the one group strong and independent enough to stand up against this kind of power politics.

TOM B. CARVEY, JR., President
California Democratic Council
Los Angeles

To the Editor: Having recently conceded victory to the ultraconservative element in our municipal election, I can't too vehemently say that the prognosis set forth by Jim Wood ("California Republicans: Are the Birchers Taking Over?," *The Reporter*, May 7) has at this level become reality.

The separation between the legitimate businessmen and the ultraconservative constituency seems at this point undefinable. Why the successful businessmen in any community placidly accept the entrenchment of provincial ultraconservative savagery is beyond all ethical conception.

DALE J. MOORE
Culver City, California

To the Editor: I consider Mr. Wood's article both inaccurate and misleading.

Frankly, I am surprised that even a publication with the views of *The Reporter* would be so careless in the type of article that it prints. I recognize that the editorial policy of *The Reporter* is of a liberal outlook, but I had not expected that your publication would use the "guilt by association" technique that many liberals so bitterly complained of a few years back.

WILLIAM F. KNOWLAND
Editor and Assistant Publisher
Oakland *Tribune*
Oakland, California

REASONS FOR SHAME

To the Editor: In your "Fair and Foul" ("The Reporter's Notes," May 7), you feel that New Yorkers should, as Mayor Wagner said, "be ashamed" of the "asinine" chanting of the civil-rights demonstrators during President Johnson's World's Fair speech. It seems to me that even the President reflected a more understanding spirit than yours when he said that while he disapproved of the "rude" chanting, he felt "compassion" for the demonstrators. Yes, we must be ashamed, but ashamed of the years of economic and social deprivation and frustration of the colored and Spanish-speaking peoples of New York City, and ashamed of the fact that little has been done to alleviate the causes of such demonstrations as were witnessed by the President.

HOWARD D. PERLMUTTER
Madison, Wisconsin

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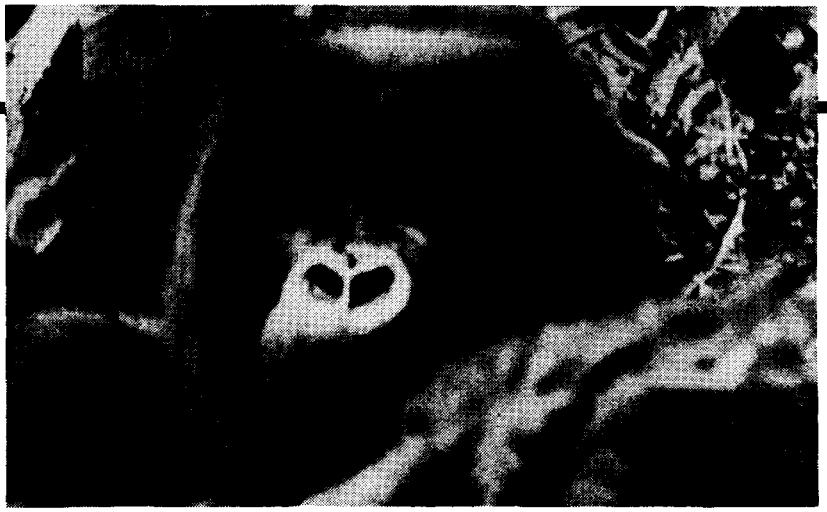

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Back to Geneva?

On May 19 the representative of Cambodia had his government's complaint duly accepted for consideration by the U.N. Security Council. The United States government was accused of "acts of aggression" against Cambodia, committed in co-operation with South Vietnam during 1963 and 1964; but what made the royal government finally lodge its protest had been "terrorist raids" that had taken place as recently as May 8. At that time Vietnamese armed detachments in pursuit of a Vietcong battalion crossed a few hundred meters into Cambodian territory and were repulsed. For some time, the Vietnamese and U.S. military authorities had been accusing the Cambodians of complicity with the Vietcong. Now, the royal government had had enough and urged the United Nations to send an "inquiry group" to Cambodia to investigate both the accusations of complicity and the violations of Cambodian territory.

On May 20, President de Gaulle came out with a proposal for an international conference to restore what was piously called peace in a "truly independent and neutral Laos," which could certainly stand some restoring. The new conference, to be convened in Geneva, would obviously concern itself not just with Laos but also, according to de Gaulle's recent proposal, with the neutralization and unification of Vietnam. At the conference the French representatives might presumably have explained how a truly independent and neutral Vietnam could be established on a different pattern from the Laotian one.

Within three days, our government was offered two international settings for debate on the same issue: the disarray of what was once French Indo-China. Our government could choose the U.N. or Geneva. It answered the Geneva suggestion with an immediate and eminently reasonable "No."

At Geneva the representatives of our government would have had to meet with thirteen other delegations, including those of the Southeast Asian states plus Canada, Poland, India, France, Britain, the Soviet Union, and China. One can scarcely conceive of a better opportunity for the two major Communist powers to re-establish their unity at our expense. Moreover, China is the major power in an area where we are heavily committed, and where at present we are not doing too well. The day may come soon when we will establish diplomatic relations with China, but without twelve mediators—and twelve brokerage fees.

Our government, of course, could not refuse to discuss the Cambodian complaint at the U.N. There, the job of broadening the issue from Cambodia to the whole of Indo-China was taken over by the Soviet representative, Nikolai T. Fedorenko, who attacked our country with a vicious bitterness reminiscent of the late Andrei Vishinsky at his most unbearable.

The issue before the Security Council was the Cambodian complaint. There was no reason why Ambassador Stevenson should not have stuck to that, advocated a clearer definition of boundary lines between Cambodia and Vietnam, and presented a few evidences of the Cambodians' inclination to offer the Vietcong what is called, in the parlance of the late General MacArthur, "privileged sanctuary." Did he really need to re-echo the traditional deprecation of the "use of force as a means of pursuing national aims"? "The doctrine of militant violence," he said, "has been rendered null and void by the technology of modern weapons and the vulnerability of a world in which the peace cannot be ruptured anywhere without endangering the peace everywhere." It is precisely the technology of modern weapons that has imposed a sort of prohibition on their use and therefore made possible the bootlegging of old-fashioned militant violence by the Communists.

Ambassador Stevenson has suggested "an all U.N. force" to patrol the Vietnamese-Cambodian frontier. We should know by now that the so-called peace-keeping functions of the U.N. forces have succeeded only once in keeping peace—and that was when the hostilities had ceased—but have been in singular difficulties whenever they had to impose a cessation of hostilities, or the establishment of some decent order. Moreover, some day the Communist powers may become more spendthrift and decide that they too can go into the U.N. peace-keeping business.

It is to be hoped that the Security Council decision, if any, will be exclusively on what has caused the Cambodian complaint. The Security Council has an established record as an institution specializing in the gradual and safe disposal of such limited but potentially explosive issues.

There is something else, however, that we think must be added, addressed to friends and opponents alike. There is too great a tendency abroad to play with our politics, to put the United States in embarrassing military and diplomatic positions during election time, or just to insult it, as Ambassador Fedorenko has done. Our friends and opponents would do well to remember that on foreign policy the opposition party is accusing the administration of not being vigorous enough. Moreover, they would do well to keep in mind that, election or no election, Lyndon Johnson is a decisive man.

—Max Ascoli

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Racism Rejected

The publicity lavished on Alabama Governor George C. Wallace's invasion of the North has all but obscured other contests in which the racial issue figured prominently—often with less disturbing results. Two recent Congressional primaries in Ohio come to mind.

One was the contest in which Representative Robert A. Taft, Jr., trounced Ohio Secretary of State Ted W. Brown by some 450,000 votes in a battle for the Republican nomination to the Senate. Granted that Taft is an Olympian name in Ohio politics, Brown nonetheless had for years been one of the G.O.P.'s top vote-getters and promised to make a respectably close race of it. What surprised Taft strategists, however, was Brown's steady stream of invective about Congressman Taft's vote for the civil-rights bill. Brown obviously felt that he might benefit from a white backlash, but it was a foolish hope. Not only did Taft collect four of every five Republican votes, but he also carried all eighty-eight counties, including some in the southern part of Ohio that were regarded as Brown territory.

In Cleveland, Democratic Representative Charles A. Vanik had feared another kind of backlash—a black backlash. When Vanik went to Congress in 1955, the composition of his industrialized South Side district was largely of Czech, Polish, and Hungarian descent. But the old European families have been moving out as Southern Negroes moved in, and the district's ratio of Negro inhabitants has now reached sixty-five per cent. Although Vanik has an impeccable civil-rights record, has served on the local board of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People for twelve years, and has worked hard to expand job opportunities for Negroes, he approached this year's primary with apprehension. One reason was the caldron of racial troubles boiling up in Cleveland. Another was his challenger, Charles V. Carr, a well-known banker, lawyer, city councilman—and Negro. Carr's campaign pitches stressed that the time had come to elect a Negro to represent the district, and Vanik's aides worried about the effect of the congressman's stand against the school boycotts and the endorsement Carr received from the city's Negro newspaper, the *Call & Post*. But Vanik won handily, replusing Carr with a sixty-seven per cent share of the vote that included top-heavy margins in Negro precincts.

In Ohio, anyway, appeals based on racism don't always work, regardless of whether the racism is white or black.

Politics as Unusual

Just over the District line, in the sovereign state of Maryland, voters had been occupied with a primary campaign of national significance. Across the Potomac, dissident northern Virginians were skirmishing with the Byrd machine. But in Washington itself the relative sophistication of these events was missing as, in noisy and newly emergent fashion, the local population attempted to deal with the blessings of *uhuru*. For the first time in 164 years, Washingtonians will vote in a Presidential election this fall—provided they can find the polling place.

Thus far the indications that they will be able to do so are not good. Only twice before have District residents engaged in primary contests to choose party functionaries, and Washington still does not have an elected city government. "So unfamiliar are Washingtonians with even basic election procedures," wrote the *Congressional Quarterly* in March, "that during the first neighborhood registration . . . dozens of them crowded into police precinct stations instead of going, as instructed, to voting precincts located at schools." Newspapers took to explaining the ways of democracy. "A voter must make an 'X' in a 'SQUARE,'" the *Evening Star*, patiently told its readers in an article that also met head-on such challenging questions as "When do I vote?" and "Who is running?"

The latter question was not so easy to answer as it might seem. The local party organization saw to that. The Republicans, for instance, let it be known that *their* primary would encompass Presidential candidates, a claim so persuasive that both Harold Stassen and Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine agreed that they would enter Washington's "Presidential primary" before it became apparent that, for any number of reasons, there wasn't going to be one. But it was the Democrats, outnumbering registered Republicans by almost four to one in the District, who provided that overabundance of candidacies for party office characteristic of fledgling politics in our time. Washington, which is still largely governed by the *colons* of Congress, is witnessing the native power struggle that invariably precedes full independence. For National Committee and other party posts, the Democrats had three complete slates—the Convention Democrats, the Crusade Democrats, and the United Democrats, who enjoyed the full title of "United Democrats for Johnson to build a Better City and Nation." Any effort to figure out what these factions represented is complicated by the fact that they kept merging with and breaking off from one another. When it was over, the United Democrats of ADA Vice-Chairman Joseph L. Rauh, Jr.—"Boss Rauh" to his opponents—had won.

It wasn't really over, however, until many days after the voting took place on May 5, a fact that Hubert Humphrey rose to deplore in the Senate on the Friday following voting Tuesday. "In the nation's capital," he said, "it has still not been possible as of this date to count the ballots in the primary election. . . . I know of no other community in America that conducts an election in such a crude, primitive, unorganized, disorganized, and incredible manner. . . . The ballots are still being counted as if they had come from the bush country."

A member of the District's Board of Elections attributed the slow count to the fact that the ranks of student vote counters were thinned by the exigencies of term papers and German measles. With all due respect to the local election board, we wonder if it is the body to deal with Washington's new problem. We favor turning it over to the United Nations.

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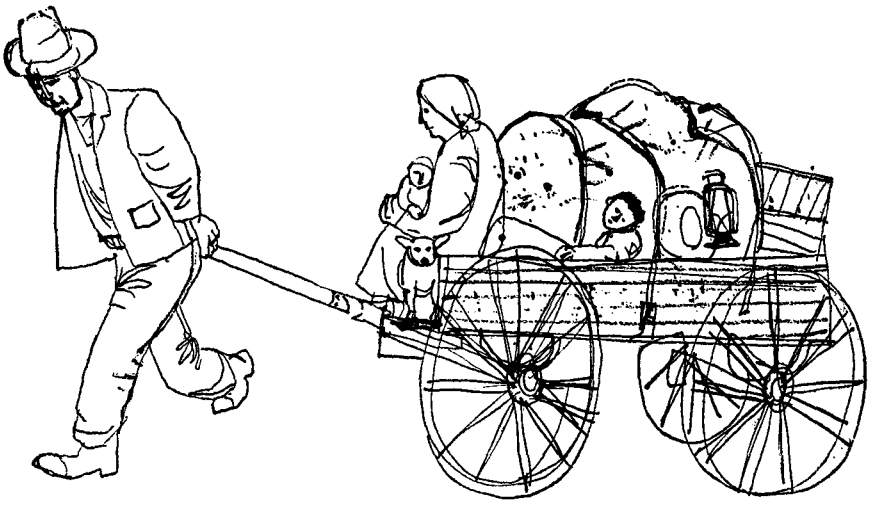

Cyprus: The Archbishop Can't Lose

CLAIRE STERLING

NICOSIA, CYPRUS

A UNITED NATIONS force of seven thousand troops has been patrolling Cyprus since March 27. The feuding Cypriots have been firing over or past them, and occasionally at them. The local Greeks still have forty thousand men under arms, and the Turks ten thousand. Their fortifications—roadblocks, trenches, sandbagged firing posts, rooftop snipers' nests—have probably grown in number. Civilians are still being kidnapped as hostages and murdered in ambush. Dozens of villages are still under siege. The shooting goes on, interrupted only by sporadic cease-fires. The war shows not the slightest sign of ending. And there is not the faintest indication that the U.N. force can bring peace to the island.

This war is a chronic affliction with fitful spasms. The only shots I heard during a week in Nicosia turned out to be firecrackers celebrating the Greek Orthodox Easter. The bullets go wide more often than not; casualties rarely run to more than one or two a day; and even at St. Hilarion's Castle, where the two sides have come closest to classic military combat, the fighting is usually so desultory that correspondents can round off a morning's visit with a swim at the beach just below.

WHAT MAKES this communal war so deadly is its potential for turning into a world war. That is primarily why the U.N. is here, and why its predicament, though not surprising, is so depressing.

There is nothing hypothetical about the possibility of foreign military intervention. The Treaty of Guarantee of 1960 gives Turkey, Greece, and Great Britain the formal right to intervene militarily in the event of any upset in the constitutional division of power between the island's 465,000 Greeks and 103,000 Turks. The constitution went up in the smoke of battle last Christmas, and units of Turkey's 500,000-man mobilized army have been ready for a landing on Cyprus ever since. It would certainly have landed on three separate occasions if not for Washington's desperate pleas. Greece has left no doubt that its own army would land directly after Turkey's did. Russia, which historically has coveted Cyprus as a foothold in the eastern Mediterranean, has indicated that it would be happy to help Makarios, with weapons and perhaps with volunteers. If this happened, Britain, with two highly strategic bases here, could not stand idly by. Nor, with its concern for NATO in the Mediterranean and Middle East, could the United States.

Seven Thousand Observers

It may hardly seem credible that two otherwise sane and civilized communities would willingly carry their ethnic quarrel to the point of provoking such an international conflict. Yet I have been told time and again by Turkish Cypriots that it was "criminal" and "immoral" for the United States to dissuade Turkey from invading Cyprus "simply because you're afraid of international complications," and any number of local Greeks have assured me that it would be "like appeasing Hitler" to head off a world war at their expense.

Considering the lengths to which both sides are demonstrably ready to go, the U.N. reliance on moral appeals for restraint appears to be

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naïve. Under the terms of the Security Council mandate and Secretary-General U Thant's directives, the U.N. commander, Lieutenant General Prem Singh Gyani of India, must have the consent of both Greek and Turkish Cypriots before using his troops for almost any purpose. He can neither remove roadblocks or gun emplacements on his own nor guarantee to protect any local troops who might agree to remove them voluntarily and/or unilaterally. He can neither impose a cease-fire nor penalize either side for violating a cease-fire to which it had agreed. Even along the famous Green Line, drawn by the British to separate the Turkish and Greek quarters of Nicosia—by mutual agreement of the two communities—U.N. patrols are helpless to prevent either side from sniping at the enemy, a hundred yards away. General Gyani cannot "normally" interpose his troops in any battle "unless that is acceptable to those involved in the conflict"; and in the unusual instance when he is permitted to interpose his troops, solely for the purpose of enforcing a cease-fire already agreed upon, these troops may not open fire unless they are *deliberately* fired at—in which case they must use only "minimum force" (from one to ten shots apiece). There is only one exception: they may actively defend unarmed women and children under fire. In effect, the U.N. Peace Force is here not to stop the fighting but merely to observe it.

The evident assumption behind these directives is that the Greek and Turkish Cypriots can eventually be talked into a truce because they don't really want to go on shooting at each other. As General Gyani has long since discovered, however, they do want to.

A Compulsion to Fight

The first Turkish settlers arrived when the island fell under Ottoman rule in 1571; and during the last century, the hatred between Greek and Turkish Cypriots has run deep, solemnly passed on from one generation to the next. ("When will you grow and avenge your father's death?" asks a Greek voice on the Cyprus radio. "When I grow up I will bring you the heads of six Turks," young Christos replies.) Yet something else was kindled by the riots last Christmas: not just a blinding rage, but fright.

No one actually knows who pulled a gun first on the night of December 21, when two Turkish Cypriots were killed by a Greek policeman in Nicosia. But the episode came at a moment of high political tension. Not long before, the president of Cyprus, Archbishop Makarios, had proposed thirteen constitutional amendments abrogating practically all the Turkish minority's special privileges, and Turkey had rejected his proposals in a furious and menacing note. Both Cypriot communities therefore interpreted the shooting as the enemy's signal for planned attack, and retaliated accordingly. There are no

official figures for the number of men, women, and children who died or disappeared during the next four days in Nicosia: the Greek side has not furnished any, and the Turkish estimate of two hundred in their quarter of the city may be overstated —though, judging from what reporters saw later, not by very much. Nevertheless, it would be hard to overstate the panic that spread through both communities.

By now, the rival armies assembled here are as much an evidence of fear as hatred. The Turkish Cypriots are convinced to a man that as soon as their army lays down its arms, the Greeks will set out to exterminate them, or enough of them to induce the rest to go away. At this point, there probably isn't a Turk on the island who would trust the U.N. to prevent that. For the local Greeks, the imminent danger is a massive invasion from the Turkish mainland—U.N. or no U.N.; and they are convinced that Turkey can only be forestalled by the knowledge that, within hours of such an invasion, forty thousand armed Greek Cypriots could inflict savage reprisals on their Turkish Cypriot neighbors.

EVEN this doesn't entirely explain the reluctance of both sides to disengage militarily—to accept so much as a truce, for instance, without necessarily disarming or disbanding their armies. The other and more compelling motive is institutional. It has to do with the very foundation of the Cypriot state.

It has been clear since the fighting started five months ago that the time has come at last for what is known here as the Final Solution. There isn't the remotest possibility now of salvaging the unworkable Cypriot constitution patched together by the three Guarantor Powers in 1960. The basic decisions that were avoided on that occasion can no longer be postponed.

Each of the three powers sought to gain advantages. Britain gave up one of its most turbulent colonies but kept its bases. Greece gave up *Enosis* (annexation of Cyprus by Greece) but was relieved of serious friction with its Turkish neighbor and NATO ally. Turkey gave up *Taksim* (partition of the island) but was relieved of its two main worries: the safety of the Turkish Cypriots and a possible threat to its own security from an island just forty miles distant from the Turkish mainland.

Nevertheless, the constitution at best could only delay the conflict between the two communities. To somehow offset the Greek preponderance and keep the island and mainland Turks quiet, it provided that a Turkish minority of eighteen per cent must hold thirty per cent of the seats in the government legislative assembly and of all civil-service positions, and make up forty per cent of the army. The vice-presidency was reserved for a Turk, with veto powers on all matters of foreign policy, defense, and internal security. Any other legislation affecting taxes, elections, and municipalities required approval by a majority of the Turk-

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ish minority in the assembly. Nothing of importance, in short, could be done by eighty-two per cent of the island's population without the consent of the other eighteen per cent. To celebrate the birth of the nation, it was instantly admitted to the United Nations with the enthusiastic consent of the U.S. delegation. Yet there was never much likelihood that the Greek Cypriots would put up with this arrangement for very long.

Archbishop Makarios accepted the constitution because he had no choice; he was simply presented with the draft in London and given twenty-four hours to think it over. He made no secret of his intention to shake free of its irksome terms at the earliest opportunity, which wasn't long in coming. Incurably suspicious of His Beatitude's every move, the Turkish Cypriots used their veto power where it was most likely to be resented: on new income-tax and electoral laws. The archbishop replied by drafting his thirteen constitutional amendments —offering the new draft to the Turkish Cypriots in much the same way as the old one was offered to him.

Some people say that Vice-President Fazil Kutchuk might have accepted at least some of these changes on behalf of the Turkish Cypriot community if Turkey had not taken matters out of his hands by rejecting them first. Others maintain that Dr. Kutchuk took the proposals for what Archbishop Makarios had intended them to be all along—a declaration of war. Either way, the results are the same: the armies have been formed, the constitution is dead, and anyone who tries to impose a Final Solution that is unwelcome to either side will find himself looking down the barrel of a Sten gun.

Two States and Anarchy

It is no wonder, then, that the U.N. has been working at cross-purposes with the Cypriots. General Gyani has been trying to stop the fighting and restore the "normal conditions" prevailing before the Christmas riots, pending negotiations for an equitable settlement. The local Greeks and Turks, however, would prefer to go on fighting and consolidate the abnormal wartime conditions so as to negotiate from a position of maximum force; and neither side is particularly interested in an equitable settlement.

The Greek Cypriots demand self-determination. Certain of winning an eighty per cent vote in a plebiscite, they would then have the choice of going on to *Enosis* or running the island as an independent state. Either way, they would end up with a purely Hellenic government offering no special guarantees for the safety, welfare, or cultural survival of the Turkish minority. The Greek majority has flatly refused to offer such guarantees on the grounds that doing so would only perpetuate Turkish separatism and political obstructionism. "According to Toynbee," the Greek Cypriot minister of labor, Tassos Papadopoulos, told me, "it is a historical fallacy to give special rights to a weak minority in a hostile climate." Any local Turks who, in spite of Toynbee, might care to live under these conditions could stay. The rest could go to the Turkish mainland, where, in the opinion of most Greeks here, they belong.

The Turkish Cypriots, on the other hand, are demanding *Taksim*.

Under their partition plan, the northern third of an island that is sixty miles deep and a hundred miles wide would be turned over to them. This would require a total population shift of 120,000 people—more than the whole Turkish community contains—with forty thousand Turks moving into the strip and eighty thousand Greeks moving out of it.

Apart from utterly disrupting the island's economy, the plan would impoverish both communities, requiring each to maintain separate power stations, water supplies, communications, roads, ports, hospitals, and so on. Since the Turkish strip couldn't conceivably support itself, it would also have to become somebody's permanent ward—Turkey's or NATO's—and since the Greek Cypriots say this twenty-mile strip could only be created over their dead bodies, and the U.N. army is not meant to wage war, no U.N. contingent could assume the patrol of its borders.

As it happens, the lengthening war has created ideal conditions for the pursuit of wholly conflicting objectives. Since the constitutional government of Cyprus collapsed last Christmas, each community has proceeded to build the *de facto* state of its choice. The Greek Cypriots claim, of course, that the all-Hellenic cabinet presently headed by Archbishop Makarios is the island's constitutional government, the Turks having lost their representation by default. Inasmuch as Greek security forces would shoot to kill at any Turk crossing the Green Line to attend a cabinet meeting, however, the claim seems disingenuous. On the other hand, the Turkish Cypriots say they are obliged to set up their own administration because the archbishop is forcibly preventing them from serving in his. They say in the same breath that they would never again serve with the local Greeks—and therefore wouldn't go back to the old government even if they could.

Inevitably, General Gyani's patrol efforts under these conditions have been regarded with suspicion by both sides. He has been accused of supporting the Hellenic solution for setting up his headquarters on the Greek side of the Green Line, for dining with a Greek cabinet minister, or even for treating with Makarios as the responsible head of government here—which the Security Council mandate requires him to do; and he has been charged with favoring Turkish separatism merely because he undertook to deliver mail to the Turkish quarter of Nicosia, where none has been delivered

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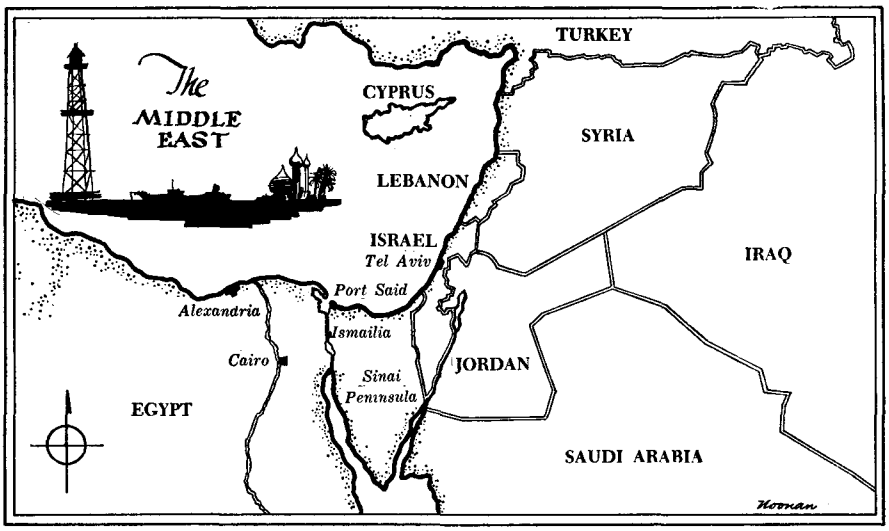
through normal channels since Christmastime. Relatively speaking, however, the Greeks' attitude toward Gyani has been positively genial compared to the Turks'. For neither side has ever had any doubt that the benefit of the U.N. peacekeeping force goes to the stronger. Archbishop Makarios—Black Mac, as reporters here irreverently call him—knows this and knows it very well.

The Archbishop's Converts

It is often said that Makarios was acting under Communist influence when he insisted on getting the U.N., instead of NATO, into Cyprus last winter. No matter what prompted him, the Communists do have considerable influence on the island: they have the only organized political party, with a membership of ten thousand; their daily paper, *Haravghi,* is the best and the largest in circulation; and they accounted for more than a third of the Greek Cypriot vote in the last election. But His Beatitude does not need Communist pressure when it comes to making policy decisions. It was simply not in his best interests to put the Cyprus problem into NATO's hands because Turkey, with its huge standing army, pulls at least as much weight in NATO circles as Greece does, if not more. That is why Makarios deliberately set out from 1960 to seek friends elsewhere through a policy of nonalignment. He has found them in Russia, Egypt, and throughout the third world. He is not the first politician to discover how useful the U.N. can be in this kind of search. His initial success was assured in the earliest stage of the Security Council debate, when Nikita Khrushchev sent a warning that any violation of Cypriot sovereignty "could become the source of international complications fraught with grave consequences for the peoples."

The gist of Khrushchev's message being clear, the Security Council designated by a unanimous vote the "government of Cyprus" as being responsible for the "maintenance and restoration of law and order" on the island. While the Council resolution did not go on to call the Turkish Cypriots "rebels," as Makarios would have preferred,



that hasn't proved necessary: the archbishop has never bothered—nor has the U.N. asked him—to seek Vice-President Kutchuk's advice and consent on government policy, as the present constitution requires. Accordingly, he has already won *de facto* recognition for his all-Greek government; the U.N. is in Cyprus only on his tolerance; and the maintenance of law and order has been entrusted to a Greek Cypriot army of somewhat questionable legitimacy which is not even entirely under his control.

THE GREEK security forces, as Cypriot Greeks call them, have probably been the biggest single source of frustration to General Gyani. Fewer than two thousand troops come from the old Cyprus police force and half-formed national army. The remaining thirty-eight thousand are either hastily recruited militiamen—including thugs and trigger-happy youngsters as well as earnest Greek patriots—or members of private terrorist armies that have survived intact since the days of EOKA's fight against British rule. These private armies procure their own weapons from the Greek mainland and Egypt, plan their own sorties, and answer only to the command of their own chiefs. The most notorious force is controlled by Nikos Sampson, who at twenty-nine boasts that he has personally killed a British soldier for every year of his life.

The fact that Sampson's army is one of those participating in the siege of St. Hilarion's Castle may explain why reporters have long since stopped counting the number of cease-fire agreements made and broken there. Certainly, the existence of private armies like Sampson's explains why the Turkish Cypriots have been taking by far the worse punishment in the civil war. Though excesses have been committed by both sides, it is only the Greek irregulars who have systematically looted and burned entire villages, razing forty-one and leaving thirty-five thousand Turkish civilians—a third of the whole community—homeless. His Beatitude may deplore these actions, but he has been powerless to prevent them thus far, although there are reports that a conscription measure may be enacted soon to "legalize" the private forces and bring them under the government's control. "Let us be realistic," said Labor Minister Papadopoulos, who was an active EOKA fighter himself. "Destruction of this sort is deplorable. But if these Turks should want to go back home now, what homes could they go back to?"

Knowing this, the Turkish Cypriots have refused to consider any peacemaking proposals that fail to include the full demobilization of the Greek security forces; and on General Gyani's recommendation, U Thant has suggested this in his latest peace and demobilization plan. Although Makarios has warmly praised U Thant's plan, he has been careful not to commit himself on any of its specific points, especially this particular one.

Privately, his aides say he will never accept it without an ironclad guar-

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antee against invasion by Turkey. Who could offer it? NATO had offered him that guarantee: the U.N. cannot; or if it did, it could not make it stick.

Enosis No Panacea

The whole situation of crisis is, of course, to the archbishop's advantage. So long as he is threatened by a Turkish invasion, he is automatically assured of Soviet and third-world backing. If the Security Council should then decide to take a sterner line with him, despite a possible Soviet veto, he can always fall back on the U.N. General Assembly, where pro-western Turkey's friends are few and his are many.

Having lost all hope that the U.N. might act effectively as broker, Turkey has recently turned to NATO again for mediation. The newly elected government in Greece, realizing how alarmingly out of hand things have gotten, has consented to the appeal; and the NATO Council has named its outgoing secretary, Dirk U. Stikker, to help these two member countries reach an understanding. The job could not be more difficult. But Stikker had to be called in, considering the role that his predecessor, Paul-Henri Spaak, played in pressing for a compromise between *Enosis* and *Taksim*.

Not even Turkey's closest allies, including the United States, would seriously consider endorsing *Taksim*. To make the best of a bad bargain, however, some of them, including the United States, have found some attraction in the idea of *Enosis*. If nothing more, so the argument goes in Washington, the annexation of Cyprus to the Greek mainland would at least solve the Communist problem here: the Cypriot Communists would hardly count for much in a country where the Communist Party has just polled less than one per cent of the national vote. Turkey would no longer have to worry about a threat to its security (nor would Greece, or the West as a whole); and it might even be possible to station a NATO contingent on the island, including Turkish troops, that could watch over the Turkish Cypriots' safety.

The trouble with this proposal is not only that Turkey has been turning it down repeatedly and adamantly for years, but also that Makarios, who used to be enthusiastically for *Enosis*, has cooled since 1960.

In the four years since Makarios became president of sovereign Cyprus, he has grown to be a celebrated and much-courted international personality. The West has tried assiduously to make him happy. The United States has contributed food and loans. This has naturally stimulated his interest in the course followed by other statesmen in similar circumstances—Nasser, for instance, whose method of playing East against West has become a standard textbook technique. By now, the archbishop has taken a lot of useful advice—and weapons—from Nasser. He has not yet accepted comparable Soviet assistance. But he has already accepted an air communications agreement and made it clear that he is open to further suggestions; and he was frankly delighted when the Russians came through for him in the Cypriot war as they did for Nasser in the Suez war—with a threat of intervention. Beyond being grateful for his diplomatic help, Makarios may also be expectant: the millions of dollars and rubles that have come Egypt's way since Suez could not have escaped his notice.

With such a promising future, Archbishop Makarios would stand to lose a good deal through *Enosis*. He would no longer enjoy the power that comes to the head of a small state with an outsized capacity for holding the world's attention, nor would he enjoy the substantial international financing—ours now, in competition with Russia's later—that could turn his little island into a showcase of positive neutralism.

It is possible that Makarios would not simply reject *Enosis*, which has already been proposed unofficially to Turkey. He might even welcome the idea of getting an all-round endorsement for the principle of *Enosis*—and then accept it as a distant if cherished goal, to be achieved some years after full self-determination. He would thus end up with all the benefits of a solution historically dear to his people and with none of its inconveniences. For the United States and the West as a whole, the reverse would be true. By pressing upon Turkey a solution historically hateful to its people, we would have risked losing the friendship of a loyal ally with one of the biggest standing armies in NATO. But we would not, in compensation, have won any assurances about Cypriot domestic or foreign policy for at least a number of years to come. The Turkish Cypriots would be no safer with that Final Solution than they are now. Neither would Turkey. And neither would the West.

This War in Borneo: Whose Side Are We On?

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

The war in the Borneo jungle is a war of nerves in which President Sukarno of Indonesia has almost every advantage except one. He can choose the time and place for the armed incursions into the territory of the new Malaysian state that he regards as a threat to his own ambitions in Southeast Asia. He can employ either guerrillas or troops of the regular Indonesian Army. He can maintain the pressure or turn it off for a time. He can continue sending in bands armed only with rifles, Sten guns, and an occasional mortar, or he can bring into play the field-pieces and aircraft gathered on his side of the border.

But so long as he holds to present tactics, he cannot win; and if he adopts methods that must be recognized as aggression, he will be confronted with other forces, political as well as military.

The British and Malaysian troops must be prepared for a variety of

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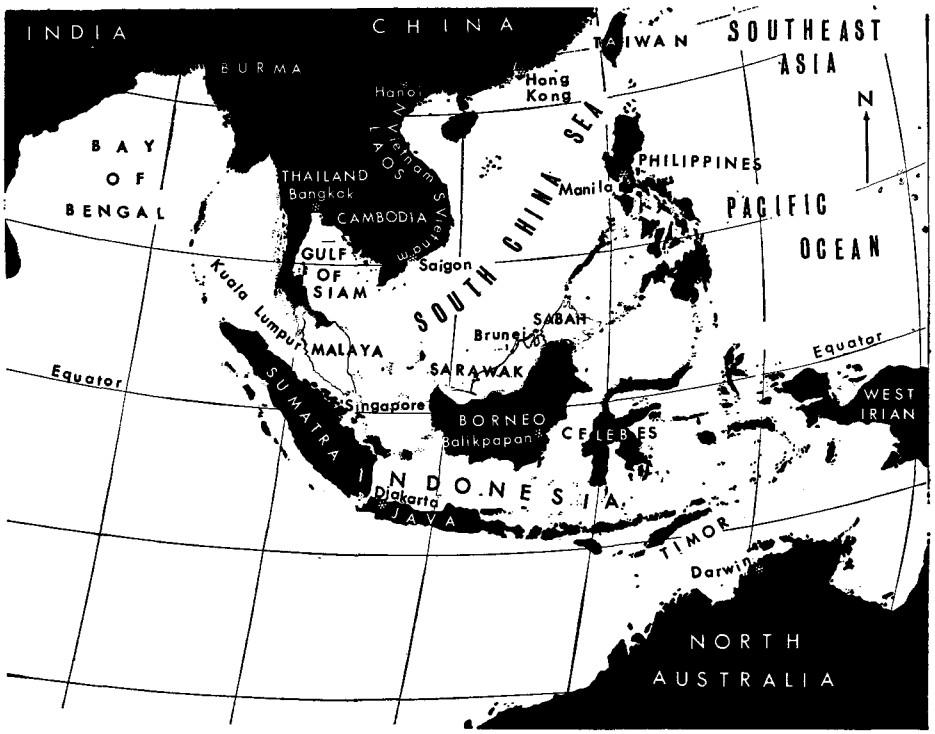
contingencies. They must be ready to deal with any and every type and degree of armed attack, as well as with subversion and the plots of Communist and other hostile elements within. The jungle front is 970 miles long, and the coast of mangrove swamp which they must also watch and defend stretches for 1,800 miles, including innumerable inlets and muddy estuaries. With remarkable rapidity they have built a series of forts and border posts and have carved airstrips out of the jungle to enable helicopters and small planes to land and larger planes to drop munitions and supplies. But there are immense stretches of jungle that cannot be tightly controlled, and through these gaps the invaders continue coming in.

In practice, the "cease-fire" arranged last January by Attorney General Kennedy has turned out to be one-sided. Indonesian bands continue their incursions into Sarawak and Sabah (North Borneo), the two former British colonies now part of the Malaysian Federation, but when detected, they can make for a haven into which the defending forces are ordered not to follow even in hot pursuit.

The question is: How many firings make a cease-fire null and void? In Borneo, the answer will be determined by political considerations, especially by world opinion as expressed in the United Nations. Since President Sukarno accepted the Kennedy cease-fire, there have been seven major Indonesian incursions in which British, Gurkha, and Malay soldiers have lost their lives, and there have been more than forty other violations in which shots have been fired on Malaysian soil, some of them involving additional loss of life. On April 20, Iban tribesmen killed six Indonesian invaders and captured four.



In recent weeks the British command has removed two of the most frustrating inhibitions against effective military reply to the Indonesian attacks. At the start of the cease-fire, it ordered that out of respect for world opinion its troops would fire only when fired upon. As a result, Indonesian planes with bomb doors open flew at four hundred feet over native longhouses, terrorizing the inhabitants. Recently an air interdiction zone has been established and no more Indonesian planes violate the border. Similarly, if a patrol encounters a band of invaders they no longer are instructed to challenge before firing. The recent announcement of the Malaysian government that it no longer feels bound by the terms of the cease-fire has not altered the situation. The tactical advantages of initiative and surprise remain, as always, with the offense.

Sukarno has the further advantage of choice whether to prolong or end the operation, or perhaps to pretend for a time to end it. For him it is cheap in both men and matériel; for Britain and Malaysia it is extremely expensive. But although under prevailing conditions the defensive forces cannot defeat Sukarno's forces, they have reached the point where they themselves cannot be defeated. By the number and strength of their positions, the number of their airstrips, the number of their helicopters and the planes to serve them, they can survive any attack that Sukarno can mount locally; and an all-out attack would bring into play the commitments we have made in the area under the terms of the ANZUS pact and for greater forces than those presently involved.

Lubok Antu is a village clustering around a district courthouse and a Chinese bazaar, close to the border separating Sarawak from Indonesian Borneo. The courthouse on the hill has been taken as headquarters for a company of Gurkhas, disciplined, hard-bitten soldiers under British commanders, trained for just this sort of job. From it you look across the valley, half jungle, half cultivated, to the light green and yellow squares of the rice paddies on the terraced mountainside opposite. There, half an hour's walk away, the Indonesians have their advance posts.

Attack on an Outpost

Until last fall the bazaar here was a busy place where traders and smugglers from the Indonesian side brought in rubber, batik, and tobacco and exchanged them for "store goods." The old trading path still leads out across the river and into the jungle, but nobody follows it now beyond the concentric rings of intricately woven barbed wire and spiked bamboo *panjis* that keep a stealthy enemy away from the three-inch guns and mortars that form the post's real defense.

Lubok Antu is typical of the string of strongly fortified posts, large and small, set up to deal with Sukarno's "crush Malaysia" campaign as he pursues it on the Borneo border. He

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claims that Malaysia is a device of the British to continue control of their former colonies; and he says that out of weakness it will soon fall prey to Communist China. He does not explain why these territories are weaker in federation with Malaya and Singapore and backed by a British guarantee than they would be as separate pieces of defenseless real estate. His expansionist propaganda makes clear what he really has in mind: that left to themselves Sarawak and Sabah would be easier for him to annex to Indonesia.

Lubok Antu is more than a static post, of course. Like the other border points I visited, it is a nerve center of ceaseless activity. From it trackers and patrols go out, some for a day, some for as long as a couple of weeks. They are always on the move, looking for traces of Indonesian bands and following up the information trickling in from friendly Iban and other native longhouses.

A FEW DAYS before our helicopter landed with necessary precision on the Lubok Antu landing pad, a thirty-by-forty-foot rectangle of bamboo poles laid closely in the mud, a Gurkha patrol had detected a faint strain of radio music being wafted from a clifftop on the Sarawak side of the border. Reconnaissance revealed the presence of a larger force than usual, in fact a platoon about fifty strong.

Two Gurkha platoons were dispatched to deal with it. The Indonesian position on a rocky escarpment had been chosen with professional skill. Since it could not be outflanked, the Gurkhas attacked frontally. Enemy machine-gun and mortar fire cost them three dead and several wounded, but they took the crest in hand-to-hand bayonet fighting. Since the Indonesians carried their dead and wounded across the border, their losses can only be estimated.

This was an important engagement because it opened a new phase in Indonesian tactics. Hitherto, the invading parties had been composed mainly of guerrillas. Some were former rebels against the Sukarno régime released from jail and given a chance to redeem themselves as jungle warriors; others were men out of work who were told that a pleasant life and a bit of land of their own awaited them among the Ibans, Land Dyaks, Kayans, and other tribes that would receive them joyfully and feed and guide them. Often these guerrillas (named the National Army of North Borneo, the TNKU) were led or stiffened by one or more members of the Indonesian National Army (the TNI).

But this time the whole Indonesian contingent was a regular unit,

a platoon of the 328th Raider Battalion. In flight, to lighten their load, they discarded two thousand rounds of ammunition, knives, mess kits, and camouflaged clothing and helmets. All the equipment was new and in good shape. They had removed their shoulder patches bearing the tigerhead insignia of the "Silimangi" and put them in their pockets, along with their TNI badges. One of them, Soeleman S. Harry, must have stripped down to his running drawers, for we saw all the rest of his clothing and equipment, marked with his name on tapes and in stencil.

The equipment discarded by a band of fleeing guerrillas a couple of days later was strikingly different. The hand grenades were primitive, some of them held together with bits of wire or string, and like everything else rusted from exposure in the jungle. The abandoned ammunition was a miscellaneous assortment—American, Russian, British, Czech, and even French. There were no Russian machine-gun shells like those captured from the regulars.

Sukarno's resort to the use of regular troops is significant. He has discovered that his intelligence about conditions in Malaysian Borneo was wrong. Like other dictators, he accepted the tales that sycophants knew he wanted to hear. He believed that the Borneo tribes were hostile to the British, disliked Malaysia, would welcome Indonesians as liberators, and that in consequence the whole Malaysian structure would tumble at his push like a child's castle of blocks.

The opposite happened. The guerrillas found to their amazement that the tribes met them with guile and hostility, and also promptly reported their presence to the authorities. Invading bands have been driven back or killed or captured, and emaciated stragglers have been found wandering in the jungle, perhaps still clutching a Lee-Enfield rifle but eager to surrender it for a bowl of rice. Sukarno had to substitute well-trained regulars for these half-trained volunteers unless he intended to continue merely harassing operations without achieving any definite result. Nevertheless, his decision is a gamble. Invasion by regular troops is aggression beyond any argument, and he must know that it risks being designated as such in the United Nations and that counteraction on the same scale may follow.

The Communist Fifth Columns

Besides the Indonesian threat from across the border, there exist two threats inside Sarawak. One comes from the Clandestine Communist Organization, composed almost entirely of Chinese, the other from the Barisan Permuda Sarawak, a reactionary and nationalistic Malay group. The Communists are much the more important: estimates of their strength vary from two to three thousand, plus the members of two affiliated groups, the Advanced Youth Organization and a body with the innocuous name of "Sarawak Farmers' Association." Including those who have been intimidated into accepting nominal membership, the total may perhaps reach twenty thousand.

There is nothing nominal about the beliefs and action program of the Communist leaders. About two hundred of them are in jail, a few were deported to mainland China

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after the Brunei revolt in December, 1962, and about a hundred are known to have slipped into Indonesia for terrorist training. But the Communist cells remain active in several areas, notably around the mouth of the Rajang River, in the commercial town of Sibu, and further up the river in towns like Song and Kapit where there are large Chinese bazaars. The ideology of these groups is eclectic but firmly based, drawn from Mao, Che Guevara, the Indonesian party, and any other source with experience or advice useful in unconventional warfare. They seem quite ignorant of the strength of the West and are convinced of the invincibility of Red China.

The cco groups offer the Indonesians the best opportunity of establishing bases and spreading subversion in Sarawak. Two incursions that have come by sea into the Rajang delta have aimed to make contact with the cco, bring them arms, and establish a rebel zone where a *de facto* rebel government could be proclaimed.

SUKARNO'S collaboration with the Sarawak Communists throws instructive light on the sincerity of his motives. He stresses the danger that Borneo may become Communist, indeed builds much of his case against Malaysia on it; but he has taken the powerful local Communist organization as his ally.

The reactionary Malays, operating in some of the same areas where the cco does, belong to the group that opposed Rajah Charles Vyner Brooke's cession of Sarawak to the British Crown in 1946 and assassinated the British governor, Duncan Stewart, as he stepped ashore at Sibu from his boat in 1949. Though they and the cco aim at diametrically opposite goals, their common hostility to the British and to Malaysia draws them into collaboration. Their active leader is Ahmed Zaidi, a former schoolteacher, who operates from headquarters in Indonesian Borneo opposite the western tip of Sarawak. His nominal chief is Azahari, the organizer of the 1962 revolt in Brunei, now relegated to a propaganda role on the Indonesian radio and at hate-Malaysia rallies.

Zaidi organized the two expeditions that landed in Sarawak where the Rajang River meanders by a dozen channels into the sea. Both were failures, but one came near enough success to cause concern. There were twenty-six in the party, half Chinese, half Indonesian, with a Malay and an Indonesian as joint leaders. Eight were killed or captured by a Gurkha patrol, but the rest made their way through the mangrove swamps, stole a large boat with an outboard motor, then started upstream to some cco rendezvous. The Malay, a native of the region, steered the boat while the rest hid below. They passed the police screen below the town of Sarikei safely, but a customs officer on the dock happened to recognize the Malay at the helm and alerted the Gurkha garrison, which pursued the invading party and killed or captured them all. On board were found seventy Sten guns and twenty thousand

rounds of ammunition, enough to start a considerable cco rebellion.

The thirty thousand Indonesian immigrants in Sabah might also cause trouble, for many of them are settled in the neighborhood of the town of Tawau. Across the border there is an Indonesian headquarters, with an airstrip, ack-ack guns, and recently some fieldpieces. Tawau is now held heavily by the British. If Sukarno should undertake an important operation against Sabah it would be spearheaded here, and the Indonesian immigrants might assist by sabotage.

Thus plenty of problems, external and internal, confront the Director of Operations in Borneo, Major General Walter Walker, a long-time commander of Gurkha troops, as was his grandfather before him. He estimates that in early April about 3,500 Indonesian troops were close to the border, that the number was increasing, and that they were being supported with heavier types of weapons. I visited a number of posts under his command, some close to the border like Lubok Antu, with a Gurkha detachment; or Bareo, with a detachment of the Queen's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry; as well as others along the Rajang that can be reached only by boat. Everywhere the only complaint of the troops was that they could not go after the enemy in his home bases.

THE QUESTION arises whether it is possible to win a guerrilla war in which the enemy enjoys a haven from which he can launch attacks and in which he is immune from attack. We faced this situation on a bigger scale at the Yalu River in Korea; we face it on the 17th parallel in Vietnam; the British face it in Borneo. In such circumstances, it is possible not to be defeated. But is it possible to defeat the enemy?

If the struggle in Borneo continues to be waged as at present, it will be a long one. When London asks, "How long?," the answer from the field must be, and is, "Ask Sukarno." When it is suggested that the British Army should plan to withdraw gradually, the answer must be, and is, "Withdraw for whom? Sukarno?" How long could Malaysia's own eight battalions, some of them not up to full strength, hold out alone against Sukarno's 300,000-man army and its billion dollars' worth of Soviet military equipment? Sukarno has hinted that he might compromise: he would call off the "crush Malaysia" campaign if the British would withdraw, terminate their guarantee of Malaysian independence, and quit the Singapore base. This is no compromise but the opening gambit in a play to annex Sara-

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wak and Sabah and oil-rich Brunei, after which Sukarno would see how best to move in on Singapore, one of the world's great ports, and then on Malaya itself.

A Barrier to Aggression

The courses open to Sukarno are to accept Malaysia and live with it; to continue indefinitely the harassing attacks on Sarawak and Sabah, supplemented by terrorist bombings in Singapore and Malaya; or to step up the war, using regular troops and heavier weapons.

The first course would run counter to the habits of dictators in general and to Sukarno's announced ambitions in particular. It would mean abandoning his dream of being the master of Southeast Asia, his demand that the Indian Ocean be renamed the Indonesian Ocean, his hope of

treating with Communist China as something like an equal.

It would also entail domestic risks. Sukarno's power in Indonesia is not unified. He rules from a three-legged throne: his own political front, the Indonesian Communist Party, and the army. The Communists insist on continuing the "crush Malaysia" campaign in the hope that it will sink Indonesia in unbearable misery and facilitate a Communist takeover. They know that at the least it will keep the area in a turmoil, cause Britain vast expense, aid Red China, and strengthen the Chinese Communist elements in Singapore and Borneo.

The Indonesian Army is committed to the war. Was General Abdul Haris Nasution, the Indonesian defense minister, persuaded that Malaysia would fold up at the first threat of armed force? Did he welcome a chance to prove the value of a military machine that eats up his country's resources? Whatever the reason, the Communists and the army are united on an issue for the first time.

The second alternative, to continue the war much as at present, has attractions. The supply of volunteers to send across the border is inexhaustible. Nobody knows who they are or cares whether they live or die. They are completely expendable. Some casualties in the regular army are to be expected. They will not be reported in the Indonesian press, but their families will be reimbursed. The supply of arms of all sorts for this kind of operation is practically unlimited.

To step up the war by employing aviation and more advanced weapons would be risky. The response on the part of British and Australian forces in Borneo would be in kind, and in due course the ANZUS guarantee would be invoked. As a clear case of aggression, it would bring an appeal to the United Nations. The infelicitous phrase used by Senator Mansfield to describe the proper American attitude—"noninvolved cordiality"—would quickly seem inadequate.

Of course, Sukarno may really be sobered by the worsening crisis in the Indonesian economy since he cut trade relations with Malaysia, by the lack of support for him among other Afro-Asian states, by the waning Philippine enthusiasm for his partnership, by the threat of Malaysian action in U.N., and by his inability to get any decision in the jungle war. As a start, he might show renewed interest in the proposal to federate Malaysia, the Philippines, and Indonesia in a grouping to be called Maphilindo, as favored by Secretary Rusk and others. He would hope that he could parlay this show of sweet reasonableness into a discussion of the withdrawal of British troops from Borneo and a massive renewal of American aid.

NEITHER Britain nor the United States seems likely to rush to oblige. It would take more than a negotiation to convince them that such a move was a change of heart and not merely a change in tactics. Anxious as the British are to find a way to end the strain and drain of the jungle war, they will require much more than Sukarno's verbal promises before they enter into a process that would end in forcing them to abandon Malaysia. Labour Party spokesmen have been as definite on this as the Conservatives. Nor is there any reason why the United States, deeply involved in an anti-Communist struggle next door, should recommend that Britain abdicate, leaving Vietnam's southern neighbors open to future aggression by a leader who accepts Communist support at home and makes allies of local Communists in his operations in Borneo.

As for American aid, we should have learned by now that it is ineffective as a bribe for good behavior. Just recently, President Sukarno, having already collected more than $400 million in U.S. aid since 1959, invited us to "go to hell" with our aid, presumably meaning the approximately $50 million he is still receiving. In view of this, there seems little likelihood of our proffering it again under conditions that in the end would provide him with the same opportunities for blackmail he has enjoyed in the past.

Whatever gambit Sukarno may try, there should be no consideration of measures to save the Indonesian economy until new steps have been taken to provide an assurance of security for Indonesia's neighbors. If Sukarno continues operations that must gradually make Borneo in effect part of one front with Vietnam, the United States will certainly not be able to retain its "noninvolved cordiality." It would be salutary for us to say so plainly and in advance by accepting fully the plain implications of our membership in the ANZUS pact.

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The Shadow and Substance Of the ANZUS Pact

DENIS WARNER

CANBERRA

FEW ALLIANCES are more firmly based in common trust than the Australian-American Pacific partnership. Naturally, the ties of Commonwealth, heritage, and tradition remain strong in Australia. But when it comes to foreign affairs and defense, Australia looks to and confides in the United States: Canberra has secrets that it shares with Washington but not, to the unconcealed irritation of the British, with London. In writing their reports in Southeast Asian trouble spots, Australian diplomats phrase their observations and weigh their conclusions for two sets of readers—their own desk officers in Canberra and others in Washington. American nuclear submarines come and go from Australian ports, and no one questions their presence or their cargo. No problems of economic or military aid exist to bedevil relations, since Australia asks for and receives none.

There are, of course, a few slight strains in even the warmest friendship. The United States sells much to Australia but, sheltering behind tariffs on primary agricultural products, buys considerably less. Looking for new markets, Australia made a trade breakthrough with China three years ago. To the dismay of many Americans, Australia's sales to Peking, first of wheat and now of wool, have topped the half-billion-dollar mark and are still rising. On the other hand, when it comes to diplomacy and the recognition of the Chinese Communist régime, a step strongly advocated by the Australian Department of Trade, Canberra's position is clear and firm. "We won't be the last to recognize Communist China," said one senior Australian official, "but we will never do it in a way or at a time that would embarrass the United States."

The most sensitive points of disagreement involve the question of Pacific defense. American officials sometimes express certain polite doubts as to whether Australia is doing enough, both as an ally and in its own national interest. And for their part, the Australians have become increasingly concerned about just how far their American allies will go in carrying out the terms of the ANZUS (American-New Zealand-United States) treaty. "What Parliament and people are waiting to hear," as the Sydney *Morning Herald* put it on April 22, "is whether or not . . . the United States would intervene under the ANZUS treaty if Indonesia attacked Australian forces stationed in Borneo."

IN EXCHANGE for Australian and New Zealand participation in writing a "soft" peace treaty for Japan, the United States committed itself to the ANZUS pact in July, 1951. According to the terms of the treaty, "Each party recognizes that an armed attack in the Pacific area on any of the parties would be dangerous to its own peace and safety and declares that it would act to meet the common danger in accordance with its constitutional processes." At the insistence of U.S. officials, the pact defined, in Article 5, "armed attack on any of the parties" to include "the island territories under its jurisdiction in the Pacific or on its armed forces, public vessels or aircraft in the Pacific." With the Korean War in progress, the United States saw the treaty as a means of ensuring Australian and New Zealand participation and support if it were again called on to resist Communist aggression in Asia. By deliberately excluding Britain from the pact, the United States also sought to avoid the danger of underwriting British colonial possessions in the Pacific, especially Hong Kong, Singapore, and Malaya. As for Australia and New Zealand, they were quite satisfied with the insurance they had been given against the resurgence of Japan, which at that time still loomed in the minds of Wellington and Canberra as the only real threat on the Pacific horizon.

Until last year, ANZUS was little more than an agreeable club for the occasional exchange of views between the United States and its two allies, both of which are also members of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization. Today, it has become an instrument that could involve the United States in a war with Indonesia. Among the multitudes of grim possibilities in Southeast Asia, this appears least likely to give pleasure in Washington, where policy in the past has been based on both the hard fact that Indonesia is the largest and potentially the strongest of all Southeast Asian countries and the dubious hypothesis that economic and military aid will keep it friendly, out of Communist hands, and perhaps a stabilizing force in the area.

In recent years Washington has entertained a number of misgivings about Australia's policy toward Indonesia. It never shared, for example, Canberra's long-held view that the Dutch could maintain their hold over West New Guinea indefinitely. Moreover, Washington has been concerned over the effect Australia's advocacy of Dutch colonialism might have on Indonesian attitudes toward the West in general. When war

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threatened over New Guinea in 1962, Washington intervened to mediate, or more specifically, to ease the Dutch out, though not before Indonesia had turned to the Soviet Union for sufficient military assistance to change the whole balance of power in Southeast Asia and the Communist Party of Indonesia had emerged as the most single significant political force in the country.

Nor did Washington fully endorse London's—and Canberra's—enthusiasm for incorporating the British Borneo territories, together with Singapore and Malaya, into the new Federation of Malaysia last fall. In the face of vituperative Indonesian opposition, Washington's approval was reluctant and based primarily on the fear that predominantly Chinese Singapore might "go Communist" if it did not find outlets for the productivity of its rapidly increasing labor force.

How Firm a Foundation?

Since Malaya came so clearly within the British sphere of influence in Southeast Asia, official U.S. activities there have always been minimal. Conversely, Australia has for years considered Malaya its closest friend in Southeast Asia. Canberra has no formal alliances with Kuala Lumpur, but Australian troops and planes helped to crush the Communist revolt in the 1950's and subsequently

remained in Malaya as part of the Commonwealth Strategic Reserve. There was thus widespread approval in Australia when Prime Minister Sir Robert Menzies met Sukarno's threats by affirming his government's support of Malaysia. He announced last September that he had informed the United States, Britain, and Malaysia that Australia was prepared to help to defend Malaysia's territorial integrity and political independence against armed invasion or subversive activity. Sir Garfield Barwick, then Australian External Affairs Minister, expatiated on this theme and on his interpretation of American responsibilities under the ANZUS treaty for Dr. Subandrio, the Indonesian foreign minister, and President Sukarno. They were not impressed.

The United States was certainly consulted in detail about the possible consequences of Australian involvement in a war with Indonesia for the defense of Malaysian Borneo. And as Prime Minister Menzies recently told his parliament, ". . . never has one word been said to this government or any member of it by any member of the American administration, from the President down, to water down or weaken the force and significance of that [ANZUS] treaty."

Nevertheless, Washington has made it quite clear that while Sukarno should be discouraged from aggression against Malaysia, every conceivable effort should be made to find a peaceful solution. And if the efforts fail, there is nothing in the ANZUS treaty that specifies how much aid the United States must give or how soon. There were thus some grounds for doubt in the Australians' minds about the firmness of U.S. support as they prepared to deal with the confrontation in Borneo between Sukarno and their Malaysian friends.

Defending the Tengku

Echoing Churchill that jaw, jaw is better than war, war, U.S. Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy sped through the trouble centers of the Malaysia crisis last January in an attempt to bring about a truce in the Borneo jungles and to get the leaders back to the conference table. The Australians demurred, not on talks but on the conditions under which they should be held. Tengku Abdul Rahman, the Malaysian prime minister, is almost every Australian's ideal of what an Asian leader ought to be—genial, gracious, gregarious, and uncomplaining about Australia's restrictive immigration policies. The Tengku is such a good bloke, in fact, that he has to be protected by Canberra, even during negotiations, from Sukarno. The American image of the Tengku is less flattering. "The Australians seemed to be more concerned with preserving the integrity of the Tengku than in preserving the integrity of Malaysia," said one American, who was unimpressed with the Australian argument that the accommodating Tengku needed to be shielded lest he concede too much at the conference table.

INDEED, feelings became so tense at about this time, that Australians began to wonder very seriously whether their American allies would ever be willing to fight a hundred million Indonesians just to please eleven million Australians. Last March some Australian officials, endeavoring to assess what the American reaction would be if, as Canberra

anticipates, the war in South Vietnam is lost, came to the conclusion that Washington would spare no effort to discourage Indonesia from seeking any further aid and comfort from the Communists. They estimated that Washington, in a desperate bid to hold what remained of Southeast Asia, might begin pouring aid into Indonesia.

In the last few months, the Australians have been coming under strong pressure from Britain and Malaysia to contribute something to the effort in Borneo. Pursuing what it calls a graduated response to the challenge of confrontation, Canberra cautiously concurred. Instead of sending combat infantrymen, Canberra offered a couple of coastal minesweepers, a squadron of transport aircraft, four helicopters, and a squadron of engineers to help build airfields, roads, and bridges in Sabah and Sarawak. This modest commitment seemed deliberately limited to a symbolic gesture.

Washington was again consulted about this decision. In Manila for the SEATO Council meeting, Barwick informed Dean Rusk, who approved. This minor if significant troop movement had not been announced, however, when Barwick made an official statement that the ANZUS treaty would apply if Australian military personnel, aircraft, or ships came under attack in Malaysia. The United States took no exception to the carefully worded announcement or to its equally explicit repetition when Bar-

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wick returned to Sydney on April 17 from the SEATO meetings.

Barwick was quite careful to distinguish between America's general obligations under ANZUS and its commitment to take immediate action. But many Australians concluded that the Menzies government was dragging the United States reluctantly into the Malaysian mess via ANZUS. Barwick, who resigned in apparently untimely haste as External Affairs Minister to become Chief Justice of the Austrian High Court, was thought by some to have committed a dreadful diplomatic blunder.

When feelings calm down somewhat, it will probably become clear that Sukarno, at least so far as the United States was concerned, was his own worst enemy, and that his truculence and bellicosity had left the United States with no respectable alternative than to support the British and Australians. But some of the questions that have been raised about the ANZUS treaty are still far from settled in the minds of many Australians.

Shopping Lists and Helping Hands

Another source of strain between Australia and the United States is provided by Canberra's pessimistic attitude toward the whole situation in Southeast Asia. Repeated assurances that the Johnson administration is determined to stand firm in South Vietnam, whatever the cost, have not altered Canberra's view that the war is all but lost. Nor is Australia prepared to contribute much more than the token assistance it is already giving. Washington has tried repeatedly to get the Australians to provide a transport aircraft squadron and junior naval officers to command coastal interception units in Vietnam. While Canberra is willing to provide replacements for its thirty military advisers, nothing seems likely to induce Australia to make a more significant contribution.

The latest U.S. "shopping list" for Vietnam reached Canberra on May 9 and received what a spokesman called "sympathetic consideration." The United States wanted more guerrilla-warfare training teams, military nurses and nursing instructors, medical and engineering teams to assist in rural development

and other noncombat aid. Since the list also went to other SEATO and NATO countries, Canberra felt that it could and should give only what it could spare most easily. "Our contribution last year ran to $1.25 million, a substantial sum for us," said an official. "We might be prepared to double this figure, but we are not likely to go further than that."

The French recognition of Communist China poses new problems for U.S.-Australian relations, including the possibility of Communist penetration in French Oceania, where there are some large concentrations of Chinese. Washington believes that Australia should at least expand its virtually nonexistent representation in the region and keep an eye on what is going on. Canberra feels that it is up to Washington to do the job. A similar standoff occurred a year ago when the way was opened for Australia to maintain its office in Hollandia (now Sukarnapura) in West New Guinea. Because this would have meant extending similar privileges to the Indonesians in Port Moresby, in the Australia-mandated eastern half of the island, Canberra decided to bow out, hoping that the United States would be able to open an office there. But Djakarta pigeonholed the U.S. application, and today West New Guinea is *terra incognita* as far as Canberra and Washington are concerned.

Cambodia is still another area where a more important role might be played by Australia, which has so far escaped the contumely that Prince-Premier Norodom Sihanouk heaps on the United States and Britain. If Sihanouk finally breaks relations with London and Washington, the Australian presence there could be invaluable, but the External Affairs Department doggedly resists suggestions that its minimal embassy staff should be enlarged.

CANBERRA'S consistent answer to the problems of Southeast Asia, including Malaysia, has been token involvement, even in those areas which could be regarded as vital to the security of Australia itself. The truth of the matter is that a war over Malaysia would find Australia singularly unprepared. This country allocates less than four per cent of its gross national product to national defense, compared with about ten per cent in the United States. The Australian Army today could mobilize a front-line emergency force of no more than five thousand men. The tiny navy lost a substantial part of its striking force when its obsolescent aircraft carrier recently hit and sank one of the fleet's three Daring-class destroyers with great loss of life. Under a long-range modernization program, the air force will replace its four Sabre jet squadrons with Mirage fighters and its three squadrons of Canberras with TFX bombers. But there is no thought of introducing conscription or selective service. And in the present buoyant state of the Australian economy there is little prospect of finding the required number of recruits or building the skilled technical base that modern military equipment requires.

Diplomacy of the type that Australia has been pursuing demands a military capacity that the country conspicuously lacks and that it is apparently not prepared to go to the cost of acquiring. This is the nub of the unanswerable American complaint against its Australian ally—and it is one to which the Menzies government does not appear particularly eager to address itself.

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AT HOME

God's Little Helpers

ROBERT S. GALLAGHER

"MISTER CHAIRMAN, can we really divorce the recent assassination of our President from this lack of Godlessness [*sic*] that is being thrust upon us?"

From his seat high on the dais in the House Judiciary Committee chamber, the chairman, Emanuel Celler (D., New York), squinted through his glasses, his eyebrows raised incredulously at the question.

The witness, a Baltimore attorney named Francis B. Burch, answered his own question: "I submit to you that we cannot," he read from a prepared statement. "This murder was nothing short of a disrespect of our laws, in both the legal and moral sense. The assassin represented to me all the poison and hate in the world. A man without honor, without conscience, without God.

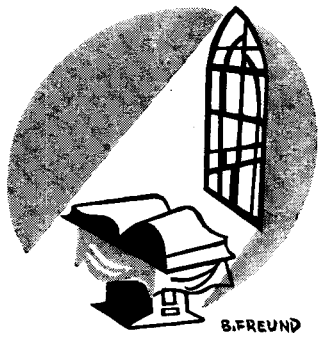
"I also deeply feel that without adequate exposure of our youth to religiousness we will raise other assassins, or a million assassins who will turn their backs on the Ten Commandments because they never heard them spoken."

Celler sank back wearily into his chair and contemplated the distant ceiling. In the fifteen days since his committee had opened hearings April 22, on 147 resolutions designed to overturn the U.S. Supreme Court's ban on prayers and scripture reading in the public schools, Burch's testimony was by no means the most inflammatory.

Although the newspapers have devoted more space to the long civil-rights debate in the Senate, the volume of Congressional mail might lead one to believe that the school-prayer issue is by far the most important matter being discussed on Capitol Hill this spring. On the one side a curious coalition of the ultra Right and the devout is lined up behind the controversial Becker Amendment, which would abridge the First Amendment to permit religious observances in the schools. Opposing them, with Celler's active support, are those who dread the consequences, both Constitutional and political, of what may be the most serious effort to alter the Bill of Rights in our nation's history.

'Poor Little Prayer'

The fact that the committee was even conducting hearings is indicative of the widespread impact the school-prayer issue has generated. "I'm not saying I agree with or approve of the court's decision," one committee member told me, "but it sure was made to order for the extremists. I mean there's something



in this for everyone. The 'conspiracy' is that much clearer to the anti-Communists. It's convenient for those who hate the court for whatever reason. The anti-Semites can have a field day with the Jews involved in the litigation. Arousing Catholic suspicions that aid to parochial schools will be imperiled is relatively simple. And if all this weren't enough, imagine having the backing of those devout souls who would just like some reference to a Supreme Being in the classroom."

Broad-based support was one thing that Representative Frank J. Becker (R., New York) had no problem getting after he first introduced his resolution in 1952. A movie star-studded outfit called Project Prayer —Rhonda Fleming, Pat Boone, Roy Rogers, and John Wayne are national advisors—was organized in Los Angeles to stir up nationwide agitation on behalf of Becker's campaign "to put God back into the schools." Reducing all of the complex legal issue of church-state relations to a basic emotional conflict of God versus atheism, Project Prayer officials organized rallies, printed petitions attacking "The American Civil Liberties Union and the Communist Party, U.S.A., in their drive to eleminate [*sic*] Bible reading and Prayer from our schools," and even produced a recording of a children's group singing: "Poor little prayer/ Poor little prayer/My but you stirred up a fuss/Meetings were held /And you were expelled/And taken away from us."

Project Prayer draws much of its support in California from regular adherents to right-wing causes. The group's national executive director, Sam M. Cavnar, was also one of the prime movers behind the Project Alert School of Anti-Communism, which sponsored the 1961 rally at which Lieutenant Colonel Mitchell Paige, USMC (Ret.), recommended that Chief Justice Earl Warren be hanged, not impeached. Another director of Project Prayer is Kersey Kinsey, who serves in a similar capacity with an organization pressing for a Constitutional amendment to repeal the income tax.

Also backing Becker is International Christian Youth-USA, a group headed by the son of Dr. Carl C. McIntire of Collingswood, New Jersey, a deposed Presbyterian minister whose thirty-minute "Twentieth Century Reformation Hour" is broadcast daily by some six hundred radio stations. The elder McIntire, who recently offered his listeners a free packet explaining the Communist infiltration of the civil-rights movement, helped promote a "Project America" day to gather a million signatures from persons aged thirteen to thirty in support of the Becker Amendment.

LETTER-WRITING drives also were initiated by various patriotic and church societies. Form letters were provided in generous quantities: "Dear Congressman: My neighbors have asked me to find out if you have announced your support of the Becker Amendment. If not, why do you

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refuse to do so?" The Knights of Columbus, of which Becker is a member, provided printed, addressed, and stamped postcards for its followers simply to sign and mail.

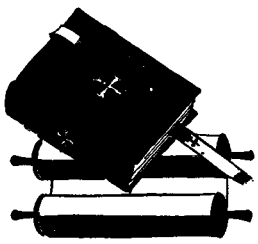
Another group pressing for the adoption of the Becker Amendment is the Citizens Congressional Committee, headed by Charles W. Winegarner, a nephew of Gerald L. K. Smith. When Winegarner appeared before the House Judiciary Committee at Becker's invitation, his testimony included several thinly veiled anti-Semitic statements about "those who deal in tables of stone" being permitted to repeal or erase the "law of the heart." Winegarner, a former staff member and contributor to his uncle's racist publication *The Cross and the Flag,* is also a backer of Project Prayer.

The pro-Becker mail flooding Congress was directed at acquiring the 218 signatures Becker needed on a discharge petition to bypass Celler's committee and bring his amendment to the House floor, where it is generally conceded it would be passed quickly. The discharge maneuver, incidentally, is an unusual one for Becker, who had previously refused to sign such petitions, including several circulated on behalf of civil-rights bills. When, in March of this year, Becker had collected 164 names, Celler reluctantly announced that his committee would begin hearing testimony in April.

'The Inviolable Citadel'

Becker himself was the first witness. After he had assured the committee that his proposal would in no way affect the guarantees of the First Amendment, he was asked by Celler about the perplexing practical aspect of just who would decide the form and content of the school prayers if the Constitution were changed to permit them. If scripture were to be read, would it be from the Koran or the Bible? And which Testament and which version? If prayers were to be recited, who would write them? And could this be done to satisfy anyone, much less everyone?

Becker's somewhat vague solution was to leave the problem to the individual schools, which would be expected to reflect the majority view in the community. Becker's answer seemed to ignore the lessons of the early struggles his fellow Roman Catholics had waged against prayer in the public schools. When our public-school system evolved in the early nineteenth century from the Protestant religious schools of colonial days, they retained the bulk of their Protestant orientation and practices such as reading from the King James version of the Bible. These procedures were deeply resented by the Catholic immigrants who began to arrive in large numbers by mid-century from Ireland and Eastern Europe. When Catholic parents, at their priests' urging, instructed their children not to participate in such religious exercises, physical punishment often ensued. One such case in Maine led to the



tar-and-feathering of a Jesuit. Devout Roman Catholics even rioted through the streets of New York in 1840 to protest the use of the King James Bible in the public schools.

In 1872, however, the current controversy was prefigured by the Ohio supreme court when it upheld, in Board of Education of Cincinnati *v.* Minor, the constitutionality of a Catholic-inspired school-board resolution ending the practice of Bible reading in the public schools. "United with government," said the court, "religion never rises above the merest superstition; united with religion, government never rises above the merest despotism; and all history shows that the more widely and completely they are separated, the better is it for both."

As a matter of fact, there was not nearly as much religious observance in public schools before the Supreme Court rulings as the pro-Becker forces would lead one to believe. Although exact statistics are not obtainable, there are estimates that only about forty-five per cent of the nation's public schools included any form of worship in the classroom. In 1962, the New York *Times* reported that most of these schools were located in the East and the South, with just nine per cent in the Midwest and the Western states. Indeed, seven states, including California, either had laws or state court decisions expressly prohibiting such devotions before the issue ever reached the U.S. Supreme Court.

The issue finally did reach the Supreme Court in 1962 with Engel *v.* Vitale, the case that led to a court ban on a twenty-two-word nondenominational prayer sanctioned by the New York State Board of Regents. By a 6-1 vote, the court accepted the premise of the plaintiffs that the state prayer violated the First Amendment's mandate that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion . . . ." The fact that the recitation of a prayer, which most religious leaders agreed was "innocuous," was on a "voluntary" basis did not impress the court. Justice Hugo Black, who wrote the majority opinion, said that the establishment clause "does not depend upon any showing of direct governmental compulsion and is violated by the enactment of laws which establish an official religion whether those laws operate directly to coerce nonobserving individuals or not."

TWO MORE school-prayer cases that would expand and delineate this historic decision were already making their way up through the lower courts. School District of Abington Township *v.* Schempp originated in Pennsylvania, Murray *v.* Curlett in Maryland; both involved the reading of Bible verses and the recitation of the Lord's Prayer. The court's decision, announced a year after the New York Regents' prayer case, elaborated a position of strict neutrality for the government in religious matters:

"The place of religion in our society is an exalted one, achieved through a long tradition of reliance on the home, the church and the inviolable citadel of the individual heart and mind," wrote Justice Tom Clark for the 8-1 majority. "We have come to recognize through bitter experience that it is not within the power of government to invade that citadel, whether its purpose or effect be to aid or oppose, to advance or retard. In the relationship between

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man and religion, the state is firmly committed to a position of neutrality."

Perhaps anticipating the storm of protest that had greeted its Regents' prayer decision, the court then went out of its way to specify, in an *obiter dictum,* the various religious elements in national tradition that would not be affected by its school-prayer decision: the study of religion, prayers in legislatures, military and prison chaplains, and tax exemptions for religious institutions. As one congressman, who personally favors school worship but opposes the Constitutional implications of the Becker Amendment, explained: "We are by inclination and tradition a religiously oriented government. Of course, we live in a pluralistic society. We have an obligation to protect the rights of the nonbeliever; but we shall not champion his cause."

A Vote for God

The city solicitor of Baltimore who unsuccessfully argued the Maryland case before the court was Francis B. Burch, the same witness who suggested a causal relationship between the school-prayer ban and John F. Kennedy's death. When he appeared before the Celler Committee on May 7, Burch was testifying as the national chairman of the Constitutional Prayer Foundation, which he organized several months after his legal defeat. Besides thirteen assorted governors, the organization's letterhead features such diverse personalities as Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike of California, Jackie Robinson, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., and Francis Cardinal Spellman.

"Yes, I would like to see the Becker Amendment become a campaign issue," Burch told me during a recess in the hearings. "We're already making plans to get both parties to consider the issue in their convention platforms. I'd like to see the candidates take a stand on this issue, so that the public can cast its vote for the role of God in our government."

One indication of just such an attempt came late in March when the House Republican Policy Committee publicly endorsed the Becker Amendment. But the partisan approach may have backfired. Representative John V. Lindsay (R., New York), a Judiciary Committee member who opposes the amendment, believes that the action of the Policy Committee angered many of the Republicans in the House, including several who support Becker.

Celler denies charges that he was attempting to stall the school-prayer issue, and insists that the hearings have had the positive effect of clarifying many of the serious implications of Becker's proposal. Many influential Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish clergymen have come forward in opposition to any alteration of the First Amendment. The Protestant and Jewish witnesses generally have supported the Supreme Court decisions as well, whereas the testimony of liberal elements of the Catholic hierarchy and press has tended to lament the timing and import of the school-prayer rulings. "The result of all this," said Celler, "is that Congressional mail has taken a marked turn against Becker, and many of my colleagues who originally supported a Constitutional change are having second thoughts."

A NUMBER of those second thoughts have been directed toward the possibility of some type of compromise that would avoid amending the Constitution while placating a major portion of the House and the public alike. There is some speculation that the compromise could involve a period of individual meditation at the start of the school day, a maneuver most Constitutional lawyers consider beyond the court's concern.

There is also a growing awareness that the consequences could be disastrous if the school-prayer issue should be injected into the coming political campaign. "Debating a candidate's religion was bad enough," said one House member who has had to add stenographic help to answer mail on the Becker Amendment, "without trying to make the parties themselves take a position on God."

'And Now, A Brief Word From Our Sponsors...'

DANIEL RAPOPORT

THE RIGHT to assail the general public with radio and television commercials is apparently inviolable. By a vote of 317 to 43, the House of Representatives has recently passed a bill prohibiting the Federal Communications Commission from issuing any rules that would determine how much time may be devoted to commercials and how often commercials may be heard.

The bill was inspired by an FCC announcement last spring that it was exploring the possibility of setting forth rules to ensure that the advertising practices of radio and television stations would conform to the commission's over-all requirement that they operate "in the public interest." The regulations suggested were the same as those already contained in the radio and television codes of the National Association of Broadcasters, to which thirty-eight per cent of the nation's radio stations and seventy per cent of its television stations now voluntarily subscribe. Even this small step, however, was apparently difficult for the commission to take: four commissioners voted in favor of issuing the Notice of Proposed Rulemaking, but three voted against it. And Congressional response was immediate: Representative Walter Rogers (D., Texas), who is chairman of the Communications and Power subcommittee of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, introduced the bill to restrain the FCC from issuing any rules at all that would prescribe the "length of frequency" of broadcast advertising.

Why had the FCC—even ever so cautiously—tried to act? FCC Chairman William Henry gave his reasons before the Rogers subcommittee. According to him, the amount of commercial time making up each "broadcast day" has been steadily

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increasing over the years, especially in radio. In 1948, for example, the NAB voluntary code prescribed a maximum of twelve minutes' commercial time per hour. Today it permits eighteen minutes. For television, it varies between about ten to sixteen minutes, but Henry predicted that "If the government does not clarify its policy against overcommercialization, the radio of today may be the television of tomorrow." He pointed to a recent analysis of the logs of 134 radio stations that came before the FCC for renewal of licenses. Forty per cent sometimes exceeded the eighteen-minute level, and one station broadcast an hour with some thirty minutes of advertising. Although overcommercialization was the single feature of broacasting that bothered listeners most, Henry contended that "To this problem both the government and the industry have devoted little thought and less action."

Drawing a Line

On April 7 Henry attended the annual NAB convention in Chicago, and like his predecessor, Newton Minow, spoke openly of his displeasure with some aspects of broadcasting today. He regretted that a majority of the commission had disagreed with him and had decided not to issue a rule restricting commercials. He explained the dangers of refusing to face the issue squarely. "When and if the commission decides to look reality in the face and put overcommercializers to the test of a hearing," he told his audience, "you may want a specific rule then as much as you shun it now."

Theoretically, overcommercialization is dealt with "case by case," meaning that a station's practices are reviewed every three years upon application for renewal of license. Henry claimed that this procedure was not only impossible to administer but was unfair to broadcasters as well because it could punish them without having first established or explained exactly what overcommercialization was.

At the same convention, Representative Rogers was presented with a special award for his "contribution" to broadcasting, and was cited for his "leadership and stewardship of Federal legislation pertaining to the development and maintenance of our free-enterprise broadcasting system."

IN HEARINGS on the Rogers bill broadcasters argued that Congress never intended the FCC to get into the area of broadcast advertising, that smaller stations could lose revenue and go out of business under government limitations, and that whatever overcommercialization problems existed could be handled by the industry. To no one's surprise, the Rogers subcommittee approved the Rogers bill, and its action was endorsed by the full committee. It was thought at the time, however, that the full House might see the issue from the point of view of the consumer. Such was not the case.

There are a number of explanations for the House's reaction, not the least of which was the FCC's own sudden backdown. Whether or not the commission was influenced by Congressional pressure is difficult to say. But in mid-January, before the bill had reached the floor, the commission suddenly announced that it did not have enough information to formulate any rules, though it promised to keep the subject open. The situation exemplified a problem common to many legislative issues involving consumers and industry: those segments of the public which are critical of commercials had few spokesmen, while the broadcasters were well organized to make their views known. Except for a letter from the National Association for Better Radio and Television—a little-known Los Angeles group—the members received practically no correspondence on the "anti-commercial" side of the question. State broadcasting associations and individual broadcasters bombarded members with pleas for support.

Moreover, broadcasting is an industry to whose plea the legislators are particularly sympathetic, although not necessarily because of any financial connection. *Broadcasting* magazine lists only twenty-five representatives and senators who own all or part of a station or have relatives associated with a broadcast facility in some way. And of the thirteen House members in these categories, six voted for the bill, while two voted against it and five did not vote at all. There is, however, a different link to the industry shared by many more members of both chambers. Each week hundreds of radio and TV stations around the country broadcast reports and interviews featuring local legislators. The time is usually free. This practice permits broadcasters to fulfill the "public interest" requirements of their licenses, but it is not mandatory. Many legislators consider it a vital means of free exposure.

Whose Air Is It?

Given the public's silence, the FCC's sudden reticence, and the industry's lobbying efforts, it is not surprising that the February 27 debate on the bill was ill attended and its outcome was foreordained. Rogers had told me that he expected some "demagoguery" from opponents of his bill. To him, this meant ridicule of the quality and quantity of broadcast advertising. As it turned out, there was little humor or spirit of any kind. Indeed, one member, Paul Jones (D., Missouri), declared that he was often more entertained by commercials than by some of the hillbilly music he heard.

Such debate as there was tended to concentrate on economic and legal issues. What might be called the anti-anti-commercial majority attacked the FCC's attempt to "usurp" the rights of private enterprisers. Its argument included these points:

¶ Desirable as it might be to protect the public air waves from overcommercialization, Congress had never granted the FCC authority to enter this area.

¶ If something must be done, it should be done by the Congress.

¶ Unless the FCC were blocked, it would next try to control the contents of commercials and eventually programming itself.

¶ Marketing situations vary so greatly that it would be impossible to formulate a set of rules that would be fair to all broadcasters. "If it [radio or TV] is overcommercialized, what do you do?" Representative William Avery (R., Kansas) asked, offering a familiar solution. "You shut it off," he said. "I do not think there is any better regulation. . . ."

Representative Oren Harris (D., Arkansas), chairman of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, provided the most sophisticated ver-

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sion of the argument. He held that the 1934 Communications Act did not treat broadcasting as a common carrier, such as the telephone, telegraph, and railroad industries. Therefore, the government had no authority to determine the rates broadcasters might charge. Harris concluded from this that although the FCC had the authority to act in the area of advertising, as exemplified by "case-by-case" review, it did not have the power to regulate the "economic aspects" of broadcasting. Determining how much advertising a broadcaster could sell, he said, would undoubtedly affect his income and would therefore certainly be a form of economic control.

Opponents of the bill, led by Representative John E. Moss (D., California), answered that the FCC has been given the authority by Congress to ensure that the public interest was safeguarded in the operation of the air waves—a public commodity—and that the point had already been reached where the amount of commercializing on this public property was no longer in the public interest. "We have . . . heard the usual testimony about the free enterprise system," Moss commented. "I come to this House from a background of private business, true competitive free enterprise, where anyone having the intelligence and resources may enter into competition with me, and I would be dependent upon doing a better job of serving my clientele or going by the board. But that is not the type of enterprise we are discussing here today. We are discussing here a licensed privilege to utilize a public resource in either very limited competition or no competition at all."

Mirages in the Wasteland

How will the broadcasters' advertising policy be affected by the House's overwhelming vote against the FCC's mild proposals for reform? Representative Torbert H. MacDonald (D., Massachusetts) said the House vote would, in effect, give the broadcasters a mandate to "Go ahead and be just as commercial as you want to because we are taking away from the FCC the right to govern you by regulations that are understandable both to the public and to yourself." Oren Harris disagreed. As he had done on other occasions, Harris warned the industry during the hearings that while he preferred self-policing to government control, his patience and that of Congress was not unlimited. He added that he, for one, wasn't completely satisfied that the industry was assuming its "full responsibility." Still, it seems unlikely that broadcasters who are faced with stiff competition will do much cutting back of their own as long as they are free from legally defined or industry-imposed restraints. True, in the course of debate Harris invited the FCC to draw up proposed regulations and submit them to Congress for consideration. But if the vote on the recent bill was any indication, Congress is in no mood to see a limit imposed on commercials, even if Congress itself is the body to impose it.

For its part, the FCC is still technically free to draw up rules once it acquires the additional information it now says it needs. Since the bill is not scheduled for Senate action this session, the commission could even take its chances with the courts and let them decide if it has the authority to set limits. The prospect of the FCC following this course, however, is slight. A Federal agency is asking for trouble when it takes action that runs counter to the recently expressed will of Congress. Thus the commission is left with the old "case-by-case" approach, which it contends is unsatisfactory. It has, however, served notice to broadcasters that henceforth they can expect a much more detailed review of their past performance when they apply for renewal of their licenses.

THERE ARE some congressmen who expect the NAB to bring the industry into line, and the FCC has also expressed its wan hope that this will happen. But without real pressure from any direction, it is difficult to see how overcommercialization can be controlled. What's more, it is sure to be defended by those who see themselves as the beleaguered protectors of a basic right under our free-enterprise system.

Chicago's Hillbilly Ghetto

HAL BRUNO

CHICAGO

THE PLIGHT of the Southern Negroes who move North in vain search of the Promised Land is well known these days. Their difficulties have tended to obscure the fact that during the postwar years increasing numbers of poor white families from the South have also been migrating to the industrial North, where they too have yet to be absorbed into the fabric of big-city life. Known to social workers as "Southern white Appalachian migrants," they remain isolated in the squalor of Anglo-Saxon ghettos.

Hard times drive them North in search of jobs as the coal mines shut down, factories automate, and marginal farms collapse in debt. So they pile into rattletrap cars and arrive in places like Chicago with no training to compete in the job market and no preparation to make the difficult transition from rural to urban living. In the city, the Southern whites become the victims of old slum problems while creating some new ones. They are undernourished, uneducated, unwanted, and unable to cope with a society that does not understand them or their ways. Lacking leadership, organization, or political power, these descendants of the pioneers are a lost people, exploited by landlords, employers, and merchants who put them in bondage to the time-payment plan. With bitterness, some eventually realize that they have landed at the bottom of the pecking order, in the spot occupied by the Negro back home.

Unlike other postwar immigrant groups—displaced persons from Europe, Japanese Americans from the West Coast, Southern Negroes—these people have not come here to build a permanent new life. A majority expect to stay just long enough to find work, save a little money, and leave when things get better "down home." Some do, and

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usually find that things are worse than ever, so they return North "for another spell." There is no desire to become a part of the community, and the community has no mechanism for helping these people who have cut themselves adrift.

The best estimate is that approximately thirty thousand Southern whites may be "a-stayin' " in Chicago at any given time. There is constant turnover as families move in and out of the shabby neighborhoods they share with Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, American Indians, and a few Negroes. Most are gathered in a strip five miles long and half a mile wide that runs up Chicago's North Side. The heart of "hillbilly land" is the Uptown district around Broadway and Wilson Avenue, a congested area where elevated trains rumble and juke boxes blare country music in the taverns. On the side streets, battered automobiles bear license plates from Alabama, Georgia, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. The auto often is abandoned after it brings the family to Chicago, but not before every salable part has been stripped off. In one ninety-day period, more than four hundred abandoned cars were towed to the city auto pound from one square-mile section. Uptown's three-story brownstone and graystone apartment buildings have been carved into tenements where rents run $15 a week for a single room. An entire family often crowds into one or two rooms and several families will share a bathroom or kitchen, living by standards that may have been perfectly acceptable where they came from. Back home, garbage thrown into the yard was eaten by the animals; in the city it just accumulates.

And there's a difference in social mores that can get a man into trouble in the city. If you fight with your wife, for example, annoyed neighbors will call the police. At the end of the day down home, the workingman and his friend passed a jug around as they sat on the front porch to watch the sunset. There's no porch in Chicago, so they chip in for a six-pack of beer and settle down on the curb in front of a Wilson Avenue saloon. A squad car goes by and the policemen order the curbstone drinkers to move along. They protest that they aren't doing anything wrong, so the cops give them a routine frisking and come up with a couple of hunting knives. Every able-bodied man carried one down home, but it's against the law in the city and they're hauled off to jail for carrying concealed weapons.

Close Yet Far Apart

Anyone who gets in trouble and has a rural accent is called a hillbilly, although less than half actually come from the hill country. The majority are miners or farmers from the red-earth flatlands. Chicagoans are convinced that these Southern whites have unleashed a crime wave

on the city. Life in Uptown is not exactly peaceful, but police in the district say it's not any worse than other overcrowded neighborhoods. Most of the crimes committed by the Southerners are against each other—stomping on a man in a tavern brawl, wife beating, child neglect, a little more incest than in other groups, public drunkenness, and small burglaries that usually are bungled. Captain John P. Fahey, commander of the 19th Police District, has pointed out that the Southerners are younger than other immigrants—mainly in their twenties or early thirties—and have a natural tendency to settle differences by direct action.

"We've had a job educating the community toward these people," he explained. "I'd say that drunkenness and fighting are their two biggest problems, but we only notice the ones who get into trouble. Most of them go about their business like everyone else. They come to the city and find we're not friendly. They're used to living in a rural area where people live far apart yet are close together. Here, they're living close together and people stay far apart. They had religion down there, but they don't have their churches up here, so they stop going to any church at all."

Eight years ago, the Reverend B. Wallace Edwards of the Southern Baptist Convention came to Chicago from North Carolina to serve a Southern congregation that had established its church in a storefront. Edwards, who also teaches home mechanics at a local grade school, feels that a major challenge is to convince his congregation that Chicago is a place to settle permanently and build a new life.

"These people are to be admired because they had enough courage to come up here and try to improve themselves," the minister said. "They are wonderful people, skilled with their hands and willing to work. One of the pitiful things is that they go to work in the morning, come home at night, and don't try to mix into the life of the city and meet others. The law says they have to send their children to school, but they're not interested in the PTA and other community activities. There's a lack of communication. The Southerners are suspicious of people here. They rent a small apartment at an outrageous price; their credit is no good, or they get it too easily. On the other hand, the people here are afraid of the Southerners and think they're all vicious because a small minority gives the whole group a bad name."

Because of this reputation, the first Southern white Anglo-Saxon Protestant to move in on a Chicago block has about the same impact as a Negro. Chicagoans panic and move out as fast as possible, though a few remain to fight a rear-guard action. On the 5100 block of Winthrop Avenue, for example, the "old settlers" have organized a community conservation group to plant grass, keep garbage off the streets, and generally try to maintain the neighborhood. The newcomers from the South have

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been invited to attend block meetings, but they don't show up. "We just can't seem to get them interested in anything to make this a nicer place to live," one resident complained.

UNTIL NOW, the Southern whites have been ignored by Chicago's politicians because few stay long enough—or have the inclination—to become registered voters. One exception is Republican Alderman Robert J. O'Rourke, whose 48th Ward includes the Uptown district. O'Rourke has found his Southern constituents to be proud people, in many cases too proud to ask for help via the relief rolls. Even if they wanted it, many lack the residency requirements to be eligible for the various city, county, and state welfare programs.

O'Rourke considers it "a one-generation problem" that can be solved by reaching the children through the schools and boys' clubs. The schools in Uptown have been all but surrendered to the Southerners. Residents of the luxury apartment buildings on the nearby lakefront have taken their children out of the public schools and sent them to private institutions, claiming that the influx of a transient, backward population has lowered school standards. Elementary schools in the area experience a fifty per cent change in registration each semester. There is a high truancy rate and it is not unusual to find a thirteen-year-old with the reading ability of a second-grader. The schools have placed these older children into special remedial classes where they will be helped but not humiliated, and at the same time will not slow the progress of others. Asked about the alleged deterioration of the schools, the district superintendent, Mrs. Goldia Howes, replied:

"The school is there to serve whatever children we have. These people have come to Chicago for the same reason people have come to America and Chicago for years—to find a better way of life. They bring with them problems that come from a short school year in the South, undertrained teachers, and irregular attendance. Sometimes it is frustrating and it's hard work. A teacher thinks she's really making progress and then the youngsters move. The parents often do not place any importance on education."

Another serious problem is what to do about the children when they're not in school. The Southern children don't stay long enough to organize into street gangs. Their kind of delinquency is petty theft to get some of the things other children have. Per Tangen Lykke, a worker for the Chicago Commission on Youth Welfare, also believes the question is primarily one of family background: "The children are affected by the difference between their parents and other parents. There's little violent delinquency with these kids. Their most common crime is truancy, because there is no motivation and the parents can't see the point in going to school. Sometimes they lack the clothing to get there on a cold day. We're trying to get the kids interested in organized sports and the facilities the community has to offer. But, you know, when a kid finally gets adjusted his family moves on again."

Bending the Twig

One of the neighborhood's organized facilities is the Robert R. McCormick branch of the Chicago Boys Clubs; its three thousand young members pay a dollar or two a year to use a $1.5-million modern four-story building that houses eye and dental clinics, game rooms, a swimming pool, gymnasiums, workshops, etc. The staff has nine full-time and thirty part-time workers, plus a group of forty-seven volunteers that includes prominent doctors, dentists, and psychologists. Upon joining the club, every child gets a complete medical and dental examination. Fred C. Lickerman, assistant executive director of the Boys Clubs, previously worked with other immigrant groups. He finds the Southerners and their children very different:

"The people we're dealing with are caught in an economic trap. They just don't understand what's in store for them up here. This is not their community and they don't want to get involved because they're not staying. The immigrants from Europe and other places had the formalized structure of the ghetto to take care of each other. It gave them a community of their own to fit into. These Southern people have a ghetto in a geographic sense, but it has no community organization and the children feel this insecurity.

"In the children we see a general deterioration of health—poor teeth, malnutrition, bad eyesight, hernias. There is a lack of education, but a great appreciation for the outdoors which you don't see in a city kid. We see politeness—'Yes, sir,' 'No, ma'am' —but a fear of not being accepted and a willingness to fight if they're laughed at for their clothes or the way they talk. There's a longing to be back home, because the city is frightening with its traffic, tall buildings, and unfriendly people.

"So we try to use our recreational facilities as a tool for guidance. To a child, play is his whole life. This is the place where a kid can meet a friend and find an adult who cares what happens to him. He can learn to cope with the street traffic, to become city-wise. We're trying to bring out the things these kids have to offer."

Nine-year-old Danny Ray is a member of the club and learned to cross streets the hard way. A year ago, when he first arrived in the city, his system was simple: "I just closed my eyes and hoped no car would hit me." Chasing a fire engine one day, he dashed into the street and was struck by a car. The boy suffered a fractured skull and the driver skipped bond, leaving Danny's family to pay the hospital bills. He lives with his father, mother, four brothers, and a sister in a four-room apartment on the first floor of a Kenmore Avenue roominghouse. The home, clean despite the crowded conditions, is decorated with religious pictures and old Christmas trinkets. The Rays come from Madison, West Virginia, where Danny's father, Harold, worked at a sawmill and cut brush for the state road department. He is thirty-four years old with a sixth-grade education. He sums up his plight by saying: "You can't buy a job these days if you don't know how to run a machine. I worked at just any job I could get, but there isn't much in West Virginia." In Chicago, he caught on doing maintenance work around a factory for $1.40 an hour, but for the past five months he hasn't been able to find steady employment. His wife earned

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the rent money by helping to manage the apartment building.

Would they be better off back home? "Well, so far I think we're better off up here because things are even worse down there. I didn't like Chicago at first, but I'm satisfied now if we can just get work. When our friends go back they find nothing's changed."

THE BASIC SOLUTION of the problem probably lies back in the home states where nothing has changed. President Johnson himself has underscored how desperately Appalachia needs adult-education and retraining programs to salvage its people and new industries to provide them jobs. Even so, a sizable number will still have to migrate. The Council of the Southern Mountains, Inc., with headquarters in Berea, Kentucky, is trying to do everything at once—train the people, attract industries, pave the way for those who must leave, and save what's left of the mountain culture.

In an effort to help the region, the cities, and the people, the council has undertaken a number of exchange programs with public and private agencies in the North. Chicago schoolteachers and social workers have gone down to Berea to take part in workshops and to tour the mountain country to gain a better understanding of the people and their background. Council members have come up to Chicago to work with the Uptown businessmen and the Chicago Commission on Human Relations and to get a firsthand look at what their people face when they arrive in the city.

William Meyers, a Chicago member of the council, is convinced that the problem eventually must be solved down South where it all began, but he emphasized:

"These people *are* coming here, now, and they face a spiritual and cultural isolation as well as a physical isolation. You have to admire them because they've had the guts to move from places where their families have lived for more than a hundred years. Their ancestors were the pioneers in this country, and they certainly have as much right as anyone to share in the American dream —whether it's 'down home' or in Chicago."

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Around the World, And Death, And Back Again

WILLIAM SAROYAN

WHAT WE WANT in art is style, although style may very well be only a part of something else we want: form, structure, design, shape, wholeness, a general state of integration. These are things we don't get in experience itself, or at any rate get only accidentally. In the making of form in writing, style is also made, and most likely a number of other things. In the making of a life, however, it appears to be the other way around. The stuff comes first, and after that the man it comes to discovers in it a form and a style. He decides what the form and style of his life have been.

When I came to the first day of my fiftieth year I felt that I had come along far enough in time to consider the form and style of my experience, and I thought I had better see about writing it down. I decided that I would write about this every day of my fiftieth year, and that there would be no excuses for not writing. The first day, September 1, 1957, I was in Malibu, which had been my home for about five years. I decided to write for a week about each of my years, beginning with the year 1908, and ending with the year 1958, fifty weeks for fifty years, and finally two weeks for a summing up.

I kept to the schedule fairly well, although there were times when it was not easy to do. Three hundred and sixty-five days, one at a time, is a long time to be at work on one project, one exercise, one essay, one program. I was slowed down now and then by two things: boredom and illness, which are essentially the same thing. I found that sometimes it was simply too boring even to think about working, but because I had made a decision not to permit *anything* to stop me, I didn't stop. The boredom remained, even while I wrote, and sometimes it even increased, so that the going was difficult at the very least and sometimes actually impossible. At such times I didn't believe in the project, I didn't believe in the writing, I didn't (in short) believe in myself. I didn't want to believe. I didn't want to be bothered about believing. I wanted to forget. This impulse, wish, or need to forget is a sound thing entirely. There are times when it is not only in order but imperative, very nearly the only means by which to go on with time and with one's self. Still, I refused to stop, to forget, or to disbelieve. I argued that it was all right to disbelieve, provided I recognized disbelief itself as part of my life, perhaps a very important part, and therefore I wrote on. All writers, all makers, all searchers, all hunters, all explorers, all inventors, all researchers probably know this boredom, and sometimes are stopped by it, cold. They turn away from the job and break it up a little, as the saying is: by walking, talking, reading, going places, doing things, by

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sleeping, sometimes in the middle of the day when it is actually time to work, and by travel. I had to break it up in a variety of ways, and finally I decided I had better travel around the world. I had better get into another order of time, another order of going, but still keep after the job.

I TRAVELED EAST, and I wrote every day. I walked around in Honolulu, Tokyo, Kobe, Hong Kong, Colombo, Bombay, Aden, Cairo, Marseille, Paris, Brussels. I did not find the world small. I found it large. It was obviously badly managed, though it would be difficult to place the blame. Some people lived on next to nothing and others had too much. Nobody had enough grace, by which I mean a gathering together in one person of a decent and perhaps meaningful way of putting up with one's self, with time and circumstance, with the world and its imbalances. There is a way for man to be delivered from all forms of enslavement. He will always work for the joy of it, and as a result he will make better things, especially in the realm of the spirit. Sorrow will always be an intimate part of his experience, but the sources of it will improve. Sorrow is a good thing entirely. Joy is joy only insofar as sorrow is sorrow, and the higher the quality of the sorrow the better the quality of the joy. A foolishly sad man can know only foolish happiness.

When I reached New York, I picked up my kids and took them to California. My travels were over. I had been around the world. All the same, there were two or three months of daily writing still to do, and while I wanted to spend a lot of my time with my kids I kept after the writing, too. At last August 31, 1958, came around and I began to write the last of the 365 chapters, and soon I came to the last word of the last chapter, and the book was finished. I had done it.

I had never been able to believe it had ever been absolutely necessary to do it, for itself, but at the same time I had also never been able to believe it ought not to be done. I had certainly planned to do it; I therefore owed it to myself to do it, no matter how useless it might seem, and there were times when it seemed entirely useless. When sickness seized me I still sat and wrote, and so it was when I was hung over. You do what you decide to do. And in my fiftieth year I felt that it was necessary for me to decide to write that book. Some days I wrote as many as ten thousand words, but some days not as many as a thousand. I tried for around two thousand words a day at least, although the number of words might very well be considered to be irrelevant, except that to me such a thing is not irrelevant. I suppose I averaged around 2,500 words a day, although it might have been more. Even on thin paper, the finished work had a fairly substantial size and weight. I put it together, wrapped it up, tied it, and put it away. And that's where it is now. I didn't revise it, although during the first three or four weeks of work I followed a procedure of revising the previous day's chapter every morning before starting to write a new chapter. I finally decided I didn't want to do that. I wanted the stuff to be there the way I wrote it, contradictions, inconsistencies, repetitions, flaws, and all. Wasn't that the idea in the first place? I expected some day to pick up the whole thing and examine it, and at the same time to study and revise it. I might do that work in two years or in ten. I might never do it. That didn't matter, either. The thing that mattered was to write it, to have written it, to have it there to examine, if that ever appeared to be the thing to do.

IT IS DIFFICULT, it is embarrassing, it is boring to think about one's self all the time, on purpose, but the fact is that that is what goes on all the time with everybody, and I wanted to find out what a year of such *conscious* thinking would come to in terms of writing. I had no real scheme for the whole work, and I didn't want one. I wanted to find out if a scheme would present itself inevitably, and if so, what the scheme would be. The scheme is that there is no scheme except to continue, not in the writing of the book but in time itself, in the human experience itself, in a man's own life and lore. There was no plot. There could be none.

I had to think a good deal about the whole business of anybody writing about himself. Had anybody who had written at all *not* written about himself? Who were the people in the plays of Shakespeare? They were Shakespeare himself, weren't they? Hamlet was Hamlet, too, but he was Shakespeare's Hamlet, and most of all a small part of the immensity that was Shakespeare himself. And so it went with all of the other writers. But the thing that bugged me was the sameness of myself, the literalness of my myselfness. At least there is not that sameness when a writer writes in one or another of the fictional forms: when he writes a novel, a play, a story, or even a poem. He is still himself, but he is out there with the varieties of man, and while each of his characters is himself, each is an *aspect* of himself; he has the advantage of that variety. I didn't have that advantage.

ALL THE SAME, I felt that I had to go on. Even I, I argued, am not myself alone. I am anybody in my writing, even when it is supposed to be entirely myself. I was aware that what I was writing might not be read by anybody alive in our world and time, that it might begin to be read only a hundred years after it had been written, and at that time who would I be? Who would the book be about? I was even more aware that what I was writing might never be read at all, not even by me. It didn't matter. The truth about every human being in the world since the beginning of memory in man has never been known by others, and seldom by the man himself, seldom even a little of his truth. The life of man is too easily likened to a great sleep, but now and then it is necessary to remember that it is so. There will come an awakening, most likely, but it would be absurd to imagine that it has already come. It simply hasn't. The little stirrings, the little feelings of awakenings, are still held fast in the deep sleep, like the awakenings within every man's sleep now and then.

I felt deeply embarrassed as I worked, and especially when the work went poorly, about trying and trying again, to speak meaningfully about myself, for I felt that no man, and certainly not I, had enough to him, in substance and in spirit, to justify such an effort. At the same time I felt that it was time somebody at least tried to do it, to risk the

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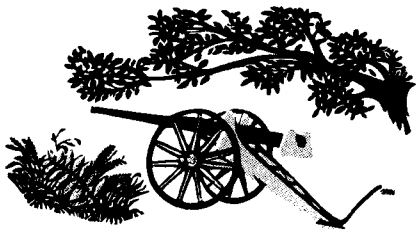
seeming pomposity of it, and of course the inevitable folly and failure of it. I felt that in a prolonged work of writing that, in theory, was solely about myself, I would in fact be writing about somebody long since dead, swallowed up by time and change, and therefore I would have written finally about man in general, anybody, about whoever might read what I had written, or a little of it. Who am I, to believe that I am myself alone? Who am I, to imagine that I am less than anybody else, or more, or different, and not simply a sleeper in the deep sleep? And why should I be obliged to put my writing about myself into the forms that had proved so useful, so soft, so sensible, and so appealing: the novel, the play, the story, and the poem? I had done that, too, in any case, and as a consequence had achieved certain gains and suffered certain losses. I am fiction myself, I reasoned. I am all of the forms myself. I am all the characters in all the great books myself, including the books I have never read and never will read. I am here now, and I have my name and my address, but I am also gone, long gone, and if I don't speak of being here now, when shall I speak of it?

WHEN shall anybody speak of being here, of having been here? I thought I was an American, but if I was, I wasn't just an American. I was an inhabitant of the world, not a citizen of the world because, quite simply, citizenship doesn't interest me. It is a little too unnecessarily an enlargement of nothing into a meaningless theory of something. And I belonged to no group. I had chosen not to belong to any group. I couldn't belong to any group, whether racial, religious, geographical, political, economic, philosophical, social, or even literary. I was myself, alone. If I had to belong to any group, as of course I did in a certain sense, I belonged to all of them. The only real group I could even begin to imagine belonging to was the group formed by my children, but I couldn't pretend that I belonged to a family because I had none. My father's family had long since broken and become dispersed. My own had broken. There was no house in which a man and a woman,



The Bugler, Whoever He Is

Memorial Day, 1964

The bugler, whoever he is, has privilege
In blowing Taps, after the lights go out,
After the marching and the memory work,
To greet the midshipman, destined for the wars
And vexed in spirit for the nation's good,
Who listens in the dark for the sound of Taps;
And the accent of the messenger of peace
Arises from the silence like a tower,
Out of the ordered violence of the day,
And soars to silence in its purity.

The bugler, whoever he is, has privilege
In blowing Taps, to reach beyond himself,
To hail for all the death of each day's life
And name the final work of every soldier,
With promise in the dark of rest on rest;
The sound of Taps, arising in the silence,
Breeds a deeper silence for the dead,
Damned in their first begetters, now forgiven;
Brings to the living, listening in the dark,
A final word of praise and the end of praise.

The bugler, whoever he is, has privilege
In blowing Taps: the meagre man, bespectacled,
Addressed himself to duty with decorum
For all the world at a President's funeral,
Addressed himself to a period for grief,
Stirred in the listeners half a memory
Of the messenger of peace; and the bugler's lip
That moment lost the accustomed discipline
Of Taps, trembling for humanity,
And checked the angelic soaring of the sound.

The bugler, whoever he is, has privilege
Not to reproach himself; perhaps the angel,
When he rises to his task on the final day
And ponders the ugly brawl of history,
Will also pause to recall the dignity,
The astounding courage of the harassed creature
Man, and crack on the note that ends the world;
Perhaps he will finish sweetly, like that other,
At another judgment, who had privilege
In blowing Taps, to rise above perfection.

—JOHN ALEXANDER ALLEN

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a father and a mother, fought out themselves in relation to one another and in relation to their kids. It was all dispersal, and I had to believe it was just as well. I would have been alone in any case, and now I was clearly alone. My kids would have been alone anyway, now they were clearly alone. I was Saroyan, I was from *that* tribe, but I didn't especially care for the Saroyans. How could I? They were nothing, and not even in an interesting way. I was an Armenian, but I had never had any clear idea what that meant, and I didn't see how it mattered especially. It was all right, I was fond of what I had heard about the Armenians, but I didn't especially like very many of the ones I knew who were up and about in my time. They were pretty much the same as anybody else. I was also an American, a Californian more specifically, but again my involvement in these accidents of time and place had no exclusive claim on me. I liked America, I liked California, but their people were the same as other people, and that meant they weren't much. They certainly weren't enough, all things considered.

I was a Christian by birth, so to put it, but it just wasn't for me, and while I am still fond of the Protestant hymns I learned and sang in my childhood, I long ago kicked out being a Christian. It was useless to me, and embarrassing, too. And so on through the list: I belonged to none of that stuff. I may have been born into a category, but I refused to stay in it, for the simple reason that it had nothing to do with me really, except in a way that one accepted and then kicked out.

I WAS SAROYAN, I was a writer, I was a man who was interested in all of it, and all of it is a big order. In order to grasp the enormity of all of it, it is necessary to kick out all small and limiting involvements.

I was dead, that was the important thing to know, the dead were the only group for any man to be willing to belong to. I was as good as dead, and therefore I ought to be able to understand a little about having been for a time alive, one of the many living. I did my best at that. It wasn't enough, but it was better than nothing.

The Wingless 'Sea Gull'

JOHN ROSSELLI

LONDON

A HARD CORE of theatregoers in the English-speaking countries has always found Chekhov incomprehensible, depressing, or plain dull. What is new is that, in England at least, some of the leading intellectual actors and directors seem determined to make him look dull, not by default but on principle. Whatever else you get from Chekhov, they seem to be saying, it mustn't be emotional involvement or pleasure. Since their headquarters is the English

Stage Company—which in recent years has put on some of the best new plays and productions in the country, and whose *The Sea Gull* is completing a hit run in the West End—the effect on poor Anton Pavlovich might be serious.

What is the trouble? A London dramatic critic said to me the other day: "When people used to put on Chekhov they wanted you to say, 'How like us!' Now they want you to say, 'How very unlike us!' " These gifted theatre people seem to want to apply to the classics Brecht's principle of "alienation" between stage and audience. They are also clearly influenced by the three Chekhov productions which the venerable Moscow Art Theatre brought to London in 1958 and which also, by different methods, set out to show Chekhov's people "objectively." But have these twin influences been properly understood? I doubt it.

IN *The Sea Gull* the key character is Trigorin, the all-but-first-rate author who stands for certain aspects of Chekhov himself and in whose mind, one might say, much of the action takes place. He is now played by Peter Finch: this normally expressive actor turns in a performance flat and monotonous from end to end. Trigorin seems not just mediocre but intellectually and emotionally waterlogged.

Why? I can only imagine that Tony Richardson, possibly the world's most overrated director, told Finch something like this: "Look, Trigorin is really a second-rate artist in a mediocre, decadent society. Let's show him as what he is, not as what he thinks he is." Yet isn't the thing about Trigorin that catches at the spectator's heart the contrast between his sensibility and his achievement, between his clear self-knowledge and his impulsive weakness in action? (Tony Britton, who played Trigorin in Judith Anderson's Old Vic *Sea Gull* four years ago, did this beautifully.) "Ah," I can imagine Richardson saying, "but this stuff about catching at the spectator's heart is plain cheating. We want the objective truth."

So, too, Dame Peggy Ashcroft's Mme. Arkadina is petulant, with no hint of abandon or earthiness; yet, as those who have seen her Cleopatra are aware, it isn't as though Dame Peggy couldn't be earthy, even comically earthy, if she tried. Vanessa Redgrave (Nina) is, as usual, good at conveying the tremulousness of youth but seems to be deliberately keeping her performance within a narrow range of notes. George Devine (Dr. Dorn, the aging provincial beau) is so muted that you wonder what the women see in him. And so on down the cast list, with the one exception of Paul Rogers, who plays the old uncle gently but luminously from the inside. Laughs are few; sets and costumes ring the changes on

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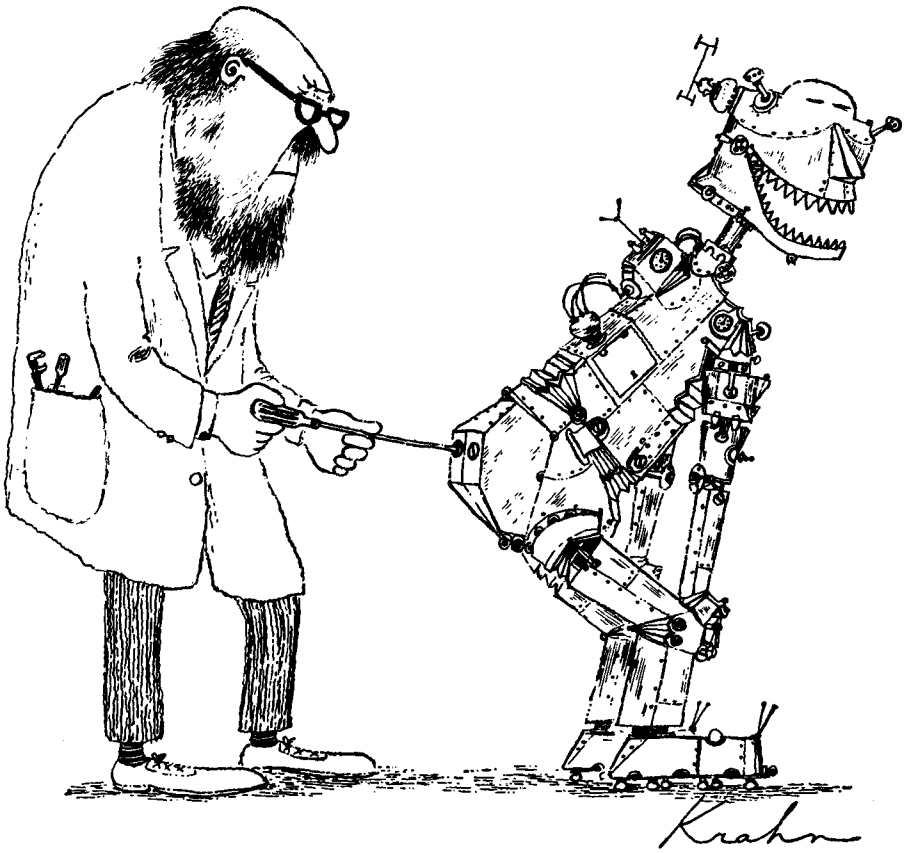
brown, beige, and gray. Here in truth is the dreariness of a society fit to be swept away by revolution. A pall settles on the mind all evening long. But where is the Chekhov who stormed at Stanislavsky, "I have written happy comedies!"?

Maybe these accomplished people are right to react against the "How like us!" school of Chekhov production. Joseph Schildkraut twenty years ago played Gayev in *The Cherry Orchard* with languor and real tears; Dame Edith Evans, in the same play with the Old Vic in 1948, moved in an almost visible haze of golden warmth. Maybe we were a bit self-indulgent in admiring them. But if we are to turn our backs on the smiling-through-tears, golden-haze school, there are better things to do than to make the plays go flat.

THE Moscow Art Theatre's *Cherry Orchard* is an object lesson. It set out to depict a pre-revolutionary society and underlined heavily the passages that look forward to a "new life." It was "objective," too, about the people: Varya was not the near-hysteric we sometimes see but a pious, apple-cheeked, ordinary girl who just wasn't going to get married; Mme. Ranevskaya (the great Alla Tarasova) was dowdy and stout. Yet the naturalism in which the Art Theatre still touchingly believes gave the play a sort of backbone—not, I think, what Chekhov intended, but a solid strength none the less. The details of the production—the elaborate bird calls, the last rays of the sunset cunningly beamed to catch Anya's outstretched fingertips—were of a piece with the roundedness and depth of the acting. Tarasova, standing stock-still for what seemed ten minutes after the news that the orchard was sold, was far from the usual volatile Mme. Ranevskaya, but the feeling she conveyed could scarcely have been more real or urgent.

The Art Theatre's influence was clear in the *Cherry Orchard* that Michel Saint-Denis directed for the Royal Shakespeare Company two years ago. Saint-Denis deglamorized the play enough to upset the people for whom Chekhov's Russia is a mistily remembered England topped up with samovars and patronymics.



The Tune-up by Fernando Krahn

He made much of "pre-revolutionary" omens like the scene in which the tramp frightens the gilded weaklings; he got Peggy Ashcroft to bring out Mme. Ranevskaya's silly, thoughtless side. But, however weak or silly, these people were—once again—real; the relationships, the play of emotion among them, were strongly felt. The difference between that *Cherry Orchard* and the Richardson *Sea Gull* is that between Dame Peggy's Mme. Ranevskaya and her Mme. Arkadina—between three dimensions and two, between people who stretch out their hands to one another and people so flattened that they seem scarcely to have any relationships.

THE GREATEST object lesson, though, is being provided right now by the National Theatre, where Sir Laurence Olivier's production of *Uncle Vanya* has reached near-perfection. Here is neither a golden haze nor a willful flatness. True, Joan Plowright, a graduate of the English Stage Company, suggests (to me at any rate) a determination to keep her honest and moving Sonya within a fairly narrow range for fear of cheating. "This is a country girl, not an actress," she seems to be reminding herself, "so I mustn't let go." But Sir Laurence (Dr. Astrov) is as capable as Tarasova of combining surface restraint with the full undertow of feeling; Sir Michael Redgrave (Vanya) works all his resources of complex and controlled passion; together with Miss Plowright and Rosemary Harris, they play with the timing and the expressiveness of great musicians. *Uncle Vanya* becomes as funny and as pitiful as it is meant to be.

Let's be "objective" about Chekhov by all means—but not if it means flattening the emotional life of the characters for the sake of keeping the public at a distance. Dame Peggy, Miss Redgrave, Mr. Finch, please forget about Brecht and give us *The Sea Gull* once more—this time with feeling.

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A Crash at the Start

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

RICHARD STRAUSS may not have been "far and away the greatest of twentieth-century composers," as Winthrop Sargeant rashly suggested in a recent issue of the *New Yorker*, but it seems clear by now that he was the last great composer fortunate enough to possess both a place in the sun and a useful role in society. Since Strauss's halcyon days, composing has become an essentially useless and anti-social occupation. Stravinsky has made a career out of being at odds with the audience. Bartók was looked on as a sort of mad professor in a laboratory. Schönberg, like Mahler, nursed his bruised ego on the hope that "My time will yet come."

Strauss's time, on the other hand, was emphatically the here and now. It is too much to say that he never worried about posterity, but his main concern was "the decisive element, the impartial listening public, which has always proved itself the most reliable supporter of every progressive idea. . . ."

He writes this, in 1907, with the self-assurance of a man thoroughly accustomed to having his ideas confirmed by the sound of clapping hands, a man for whom *vox populi* is naturally *vox Dei*. Because he also liked recognition in the form of royalty checks (he founded the German version of ASCAP), Strauss was often accused of having the soul of a businessman instead of an artist—which was merely a way of saying that he knew the value of genius and, unlike most composers, was in a position to sell his products in a businesslike way.

Long before the day of the big foundations, he was a firm believer in the fructifying power of the dollar. "You Americans are very clever," he told a visitor at the turn of the century. "You are great money-makers, you buy the best of everything, you buy the best orchestras, you buy the best artists, you buy the best musical works, you build beautiful opera houses and halls for musical entertainments, and with such opportunities of absorbing good music, America should give birth to great talent." (Are you listening, Lincoln Center?)

This touching faith in the art that money can buy was at least a refreshing change from the crass idealism of the Romantics. Strauss had learned at his father's knee that the test of a composition is in the eating; that a well-wrought piece of music could carry with it such immediate earthly rewards as Munich sausages and whipped-cream cake. His father was the first-desk horn player of the Munich Opera orchestra, his mother a member of the beer-brewing Pschorr family, and it was on the upper floor of a restaurant owned by his grandfather that Strauss came into the world a hundred years ago, on June 11, 1864. He was still a small boy when he began taking part in the Pschorr family's weekly musicales. "As soon as he was able," a friend reported, "Richard played first or second violin. Naturally Richard's compositions were also played; Tante Johanna sang the songs he dedicated to her. The high point of these family festivities, which brought together numerous relatives, was the obligatory bock beer and *Würstln*. . . ."

After his meteoric rise to fame as "the golden youth" of German music, it was inevitable that a touch of the circus should creep into his attitude toward art. Stravinsky remembers meeting Strauss in Berlin when *The Firebird* was first performed and receiving a characteristic piece of advice: "You make a mistake in beginning your piece *pianissimo;* the public will not listen. You should astonish them by a sudden crash at the very start. After that they will follow you and you can do whatever you like."

A MORE IMPRESSIVE aspect of Strauss's pragmatism was his instinctive grasp of the technological principles underlying the symphony orchestra. Any one of his tone-poems is a triumph not only of "inspiration" but of mechanics, physics, logistics. The *Alpine Symphony*, to take an extreme example, calls for the collective and synchronous operation of "at least" eighteen first and sixteen second violins, twelve violas, ten cellos, eight basses, two piccolos, four flutes, three oboes, an English horn, a heckelphone, two clarinets in E flat, two clarinets in B flat, two clarinets in C, three bassoons, a contrabassoon, four horns, four trumpets, four trombones, four tenor tubas, two bass tubas, two harps, an organ, a wind machine, a thunder machine, a glockenspiel, cymbals, bass and side drums, a triangle, a tam-tam, a celesta, two sets of timpani, and "in the distance," a satellite band of twelve horns, two trumpets, and two trombones.

Any man capable of mobilizing and controlling so vast an apparatus for satisfying the human need for self-expression fulfilled a highly respected, well-paid function in the industrial society of the 1890's. As Lewis Mumford points out in *Technics and Civilization*, a symphony orchestra bears a sharp resemblance to one of civilization's great desiderata—a well-run factory. Germany under Kaiser Wilhelm II was the one nation in the world that supported a dozen first-rate institutions of this kind, under superintendents like Muck, Nikisch, and Weingartner. It was Strauss, doubling as composer and conductor, who devised the most successful new patterns and products for these facilities. He did not invent the tone-poem any more than D. W. Griffith invented the movies, but he expanded the form to make it more meaningful and exciting. Both Strauss and Griffith were "dream merchants" of a sort, marshaling complex technical resources to stimulate and inspire audiences; to shock, soothe, uplift, and titillate. Claude Debussy already said of Strauss's music: *"C'est même de la cinématographie."*

Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, produced in 1895, is a typical case in point. Though Strauss stressed its "old-time, roguish" antecedents and its classical rondo form, it is basically a new departure in music—an eighteen-minute comedy with a spectacular cast, including eight horns, six trumpets, and a bass tuba. The twenty-four subtitles suggested by

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the composer might have been written for a silent-film version of the same scenario: "Off for new pranks"; "Just wait, you hypocrites!"; "She really has made an impression on him"; "A kind refusal is still a refusal"; and so on. In the final scene, when the prankster has been marched off to the gallows, a seemingly breathless flute trill is said to depict "the filtering out of the last air from the man dangling at the rope."

From the late 1880's until the First World War, the Strauss tone-poems drew the same sort of audience, and were discussed with the same avid interest, as today's art films. Newspaper critics engaged in earnest debates over the psychology of *Don Juan,* the philosophy of *Zarathustra,* the imagery of *Don Quixote.* With *Ein Heldenleben* ("A Hero's Life") he created the prototype of the surrealist autobiography in which the author's doubts, dreams, and conquests are paraded before the public. In *Tod und Verklärung* ("Death and Transfiguration") he anticipated the modern medical drama (*vide* Ingmar Bergman's *Brink of Life*): "the sick man on his bed" undergoes a "pain motif," "fever motif," "groaning motif," "life-preservation motif," etc., until "the last stroke of Death's iron hammer" brings "deliverance . . . transfiguration of the world."

As more and more instruments were added, however, the machinery became all the harder to set into motion. In the unwieldy *Sinfonia Domestica* of 1904, a baby gurgles in its bath, a glockenspiel chimes the hours, and there is a husband-and-wife argument disguised as a double fugue. "I have no more pleasure writing symphonies," Strauss admitted not long afterward. The *Alpine Symphony* arrived as a sort of epilogue to the whole series in 1915, the year of Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation.* It features a graphic Sunrise, Ascent, Waterfall, View from the Summit, Thunderstorm, Descent (in retrograde motion), and Sunset. At the first performance in London, according to the *Musical Times,* an assistant stood onstage and "diligently exhibited numbers corresponding to the explanations in the programme, so that no one should mistake the glacier for the thermos flask. This we imagine to have been the *coup de grâce* to programme music." By that time the movies had taken over the aesthetic functions of the tone-poem.

Strauss's first forty years had been symphonic; the second forty were to be operatic. In 1905 he unveiled the Medusa-like charms of *Salome* and discovered the important principle that, in music, nothing succeeds like a successful opera. Although the Kaiser and J. P. Morgan nearly managed to have the work banned in their respective capitals, it was immensely popular with ordinary operagoers; on opening night there were forty curtain calls. By the end of 1907 it had been staged in fifty European cities. In Berlin—the Kaiser refused to attend—there were fifty performances within eleven months. *Salome* was such a sensation in New York that for his next opera, sound unheard, Strauss was paid $10,000 for American rights and $18,000 in advance royalties by Oscar Hammerstein the Elder (a breathtaking amount in those days).

Elektra marked the start of his collaboration with Hugo von Hofmannsthal, his librettist for more than twenty years and the most sensitive poet in the Viennese theatre. Musically, Strauss explained, "I have gone to the outer limits of harmony and psychic polyphony. . . . I have strained the receptive capacity of today's ears as far as it will go." In a private note to the director of the Dresden Opera in September, 1908, he put it more succinctly: "*Elektra* is finished and the end is *saftig* [juicy]!"

Having reached the point of diminishing returns as a post-Wagnerian music-dramatist, Strauss let Hofmannsthal lure him back to a stylish rococo world "with drastic comedy in the characters and situations, colorful action that is almost like a pantomime in its clarity, opportunities for lyricism, comedy, humor, and even a little ballet. . . ." *Der Rosenkavalier,* inaugurated in 1911, turned out to be Strauss's masterpiece. Not the least of its charms is that it involves a multitude of solecisms within solecisms, like a nest of Chinese boxes: eighteenth-century setting, nineteenth-century waltzes, twentieth-century harmonies. In later years he tried very hard to write "a second *Rosenkavalier,*" but the feat could not be duplicated. It was not so much the composer's fault as the audience's: the war brought an end to Germany's cultural euphoria and destroyed the basis of Strauss's position as a "major power" in the musical world.

During the 1920's there was talk of an "operatic crisis" in Europe, and though he continued to turn out interesting new operas, audiences no longer responded with anything like their former fervor. Opera as an art form had lost touch with the public. In his essays on "*Musiksoziologie,*" Theodor Adorno points to *Der Rosenkavalier* as a landmark in the sociology of music: it was the last opera written in the idiom of its time that was able to attract a mass audience. "Even Strauss's extraordinary prestige was not enough to exact a similar success for any of his later operas," Adorno writes. "He was thinking of the public, and about success, which even in those days could only be obtained by damming up one's real creative powers." But from Strauss's standpoint a dramatic composer had no other choice. "I try to put myself in the audience's place," he wrote to Hofmannsthal, "because after all it is for them we make comedies."

For thirty years he rode the operatic merry-go-round trying in vain for the brass ring of another box-office hit: *Ariadne auf Naxos, Die Frau ohne Schatten, Intermezzo, Die aegyptische Helena, Arabella, Die schweigsame Frau, Friedenstag, Daphne, Die Liebe der Danaë, Capriccio.* All of them have been revived in Germany and Austria for the Strauss Centennial, but only the first two are unjustly neglected near-masterpieces. Most of the others contain some stretches of magnificent music and *bel canto* singing along with a great deal of padding and much that is obviously written for the galleries. The conductor Fritz Busch once had the temerity to tell the old gentleman that one of his arias sounded "too cheap in inspiration," and the reply was: "That's just what the housemaids want. Believe me, dear Busch, people wouldn't go to *Tannhäuser* if it

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JUAN BOTERO: BOY WITH A DREAM

Juan Botero is 13, the eldest of nine children. He lives in a tarpaper shack in the worst slum of Bogota, Colombia. Juan's father, a day laborer, is partially blind and can rarely find work. Soon Juan will be forced to drop out of school for lack of funds.

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weren't for Elisabeth's Prayer, or to *Walküre* without 'Winter Storms' . . . you see, that's just what is needed."

It was the same sort of practical considerations that kept him in Germany during the Third Reich, even though he rather disapproved of the Nazis. "He declares that he saw no reason to shun the Nazis as long as they played his works," reported Arno Huth from Switzerland when Strauss arrived there in 1945 and could once more talk freely to the press. "He refused several offers to go abroad, giving as reason the fact that eighty opera houses in Germany and Austria were giving him performances, and that he had very few outside Germany. His only complaint about the Nazi régime was in reference to Goebbels's order to close the theatres. 'Imagine,' he exclaimed. 'Since the first of September, 1944, I haven't received a pfennig in royalties!' "

Strauss's late and last works, however, are among the most elegant and compelling of his whole career. Like Liszt and Verdi, he was somehow rejuvenated by old age, when housemaids and impresarios no longer mattered. It was as though he were trying to make his peace with Mozart to atone for the Wagnerian profligacy of his youth. That impression is reinforced by the *Symphony for Winds* of 1945, which he dedicated to Mozart's "undying spirit, at the close of a life filled with gratitude." In his own hand the score is marked "Op. Posth." But before his death at eighty-five, on September 8, 1949, he had time to complete a dozen more works, including an Oboe Concerto, a Double Concertino for Clarinet, Bassoon, and Strings, and the *Four Last Songs* for soprano and orchestra. Their prevailing mood is not so much resignation as repose, for the autumnal landscape is flooded with light—*"von Licht übergossen,"* as one of the Hermann Hesse texts expresses it. The final thought, "Can this perhaps be death?" from Joseph von Eichendorff's "At Sunset," concludes on the motif of Transfiguration from *Tod und Verklärung.*

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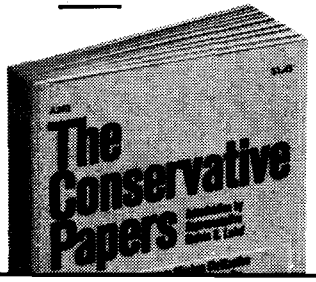

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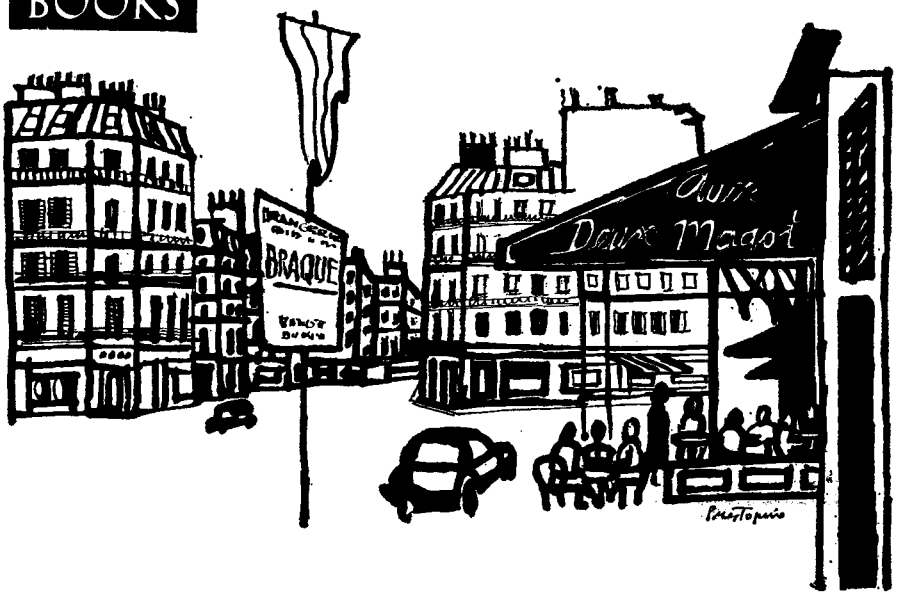

Postcards From Paris

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Hemingway. *Scribners. $4.95.*

These memories of Hemingway's young writing years in the Paris of the 1920's show a wonderful craftsman at his best; they are also cruel, devious, and at the end overwhelmingly sad. For at the end a young man comes forth from the garden of Eden, but not with his Eve; he sees himself naked, and is ashamed.

This is what Hemingway could do after looking out of his window in the early morning and seeing the goatherd in the street below: "The goatherd came up the street blowing his pipes and a woman who lived on the floor above us came out onto the sidewalk with a big pot. The goatherd chose one of the heavy-bagged, black milk-goats and milked her into the pot while his dog pushed the others onto the sidewalk. The goats looked around, turning their necks like sight-seers. The goatherd took the money from the woman and thanked her and went on up the street piping and the dog herded the goats on ahead, their horns bobbing."

A charming *tableau de genre* of the kind painted in the nineteenth century for a series of "Paris Street Scenes," and here the painter's accents, the artfully placed vermilion dot, the suggestion of motion by means of successive forms, are transposed into the cadence of the prose with its timing and concealed repetition. In those Paris days, Hemingway was learning to write from other writers very much the way a painter learns to paint from other painters. The difference is that while painters can be observed copying paintings in museums, writers prefer to have it thought that what they achieve is solely the result of a keen ear, a clear eye, and hard work. Sometimes there is the hint that he may have profited by human assistance: "She [Gertrude Stein] had also discovered many truths about rhythms and the uses of words in repetition that were valid and valuable and she talked well about them." But Hemingway did more than listen; he persuaded Ford Madox Ford to publish *The Making of Americans* serially in *The Transatlantic Review* and subsequently "had to read all of Miss Stein's proof for her as this was a work which gave her no happiness." It was a work, perhaps, which he undertook with profit. He might have said so less indirectly. He chose instead, after all the intervening

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years, to reveal Miss Stein in a moment of abject humiliation.

He loved the beautiful Paris race courses, Auteuil, Enghien, Chantilly, Longchamps. Here the painter would have been Degas, and Hemingway gives the feel of the grass as he and his wife picnic before the races and Hadley sleeps quietly in the sunlight, her arm shielding her eyes, while he goes off to the paddock to talk to owners, jockeys, and trainers. Betting is important to him and it is very important to know what trickery may be in the making, but it is not just the money that matters, although it matters a great deal; it is also that horses are proud or reluctant or overstimulated, and that jockeys ride for money. So he had to find out, for practical and emotional purposes and also in order that he might write his wonderful "My Old Man." He found out. And again there is only a hint that someone may have helped him. One evening, when he had given up the races because they took too much of his working time, he went to the Dôme from the Select "where I had sheered off at the sight of Harold Stearns who I knew would want to talk horses. . . ." Not a word about Stearns's eyes filling with tears when a horse he was fond of failed, or about his gentleness, or about his racing column in the *Herald*. It would have been more graceful if Hemingway had not mentioned Stearns or brought up the matter of Miss Stein's "truths about rhythms."

It would be well to get away from these questions of influences and secretiveness about them and enjoy all that he has to tell about the streets, about the fishing along the quays—it was real fishing for good eating fish, he carefully points out—about the bicycle racing, "where the two riders would balance for long seconds on their machines for the advantage of making the other rider take the lead and then the slow circling and the final plunge into the driving purity of speed," and, of course, about the endlessly fascinating subject of food and drink. His pictures of the streets, cafés, the walks through the streets, the crowds at the Dôme, the Rotonde, the Closerie des Lilas, of the Seine flowing past Notre Dame, of the narrow streets in the Latin Quarter, of the sweep of the Champs Elysées up to the Arch, and of the changing seasons, spring and the false spring, are all so finely drawn that it comes as a surprise to realize that these pictures actually are the picture postcards that tourists have always sent home to us. Hemingway's Paris pictures are recognizable; he never goes really any distance whatever out of the way traveled immemorially by the tourist. He likes to tell the tourist something that the tourist does not know about something the tourist always sees: he likes to be one up on the tourist.

He was one up on the tourist Scott Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald was rude

to waiters while Hemingway was the understanding friend of waiters; to Hemingway's embarrassment, Fitzgerald wore a Guards tie; Fitzgerald could not hold his liquor, not even the lightest wines expertly selected by Hemingway. Fitzgerald was a trial. He presented a problem Hemingway could never handle satisfactorily: he was an established writer whom Hemingway had to respect, though this might eventually have been taken care of since Hemingway was soon to catch up. But Fitzgerald had money and he had a wife who, it

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was Hemingway's belief, was intent on destroying her husband by keeping him so drunk that he would not be able to write. When Fitzgerald was sober he was immensely appealing and Hemingway would try to help him—not of course at the expense of his own work. And so Zelda was destroying Scott and the two of them were threatening to destroy Hemingway. It was for Hemingway a moment of great fear and, to complicate matters, one of great mutual attraction. Here was Fitzgerald, a man really worth instructing, and Hemingway loved to instruct—he spent his whole life instructing—but a man who kept falling always deeper into trouble, and Hemingway tried to help. But here too was direct competition. One had to be careful. That is why Hemingway's account of his relationship with the Fitzgeralds reads so strangely. He instructs, humiliates, and in the long run is himself humiliated. The Fitzgeralds' stay in France was disastrous to all concerned.

IT IS AFTER the close of the Fitzgerald episode that *A Moveable Feast* becomes unbearably sad. From the very beginning of the book, when the Hemingways are working so hard and are so happy, there is the premonition of sadness. Hemingway can divert his thoughts, and ours, by being rude to Ford Madox Ford, or cruel to Miss Stein, or vaguely superior to T. S. Eliot, or loyal to Ezra Pound; he can even put his thoughts altogether aside by writing about horse racing, or bicycle racing, or fishing, or skiing on his vacation trips to Austria; he can find relief by concentrating on his problems as a writer; but in the end he has to face, without dissimulation, honestly, with all candor, what from the beginning he knew he would have to face if he were to write "truly," the final results of those Paris years.

One was a triumph: he had learned to write; he had finished *The Sun Also Rises*. The other he blamed on "the rich" who had broken into his privacy—a "pilot fish" had brought them to draw sustenance from the integrity of his effort—and he also blamed it on his bad luck. But in the end, to his very great credit, he blamed only himself for betraying his wife.

MAN IS A POLITICAL ANIMAL

Or, as Aristotle put it, ἄνθρωπος φύσει πολιτικὸν ζῷον, *Politics* i.2.1253ᵃ.

Parties and Politics in America

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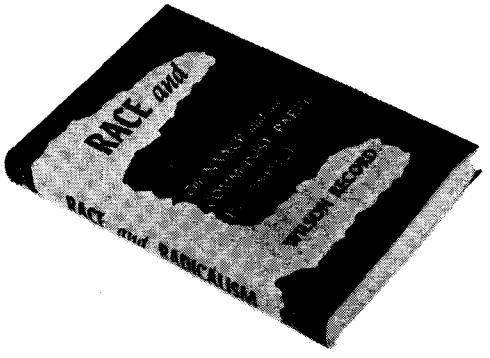

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 103

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

A
10 3 178 70 72 182 128 Code name for Hitler's planned invasion of England, 1940 (3,4).

B
1 15 66 32 165 50 170 211 Kind of lumber frequently used in Scandinavian furniture.

C
8 156 154 80 197 64 56 76 "It would be _____ for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever." Shakespeare, I Henry IV.

D
6 150 58 215 86 98 106 Sea nymphs.

E
146 213 194 218 199 220 27 Town in Kent, or a fish known there.

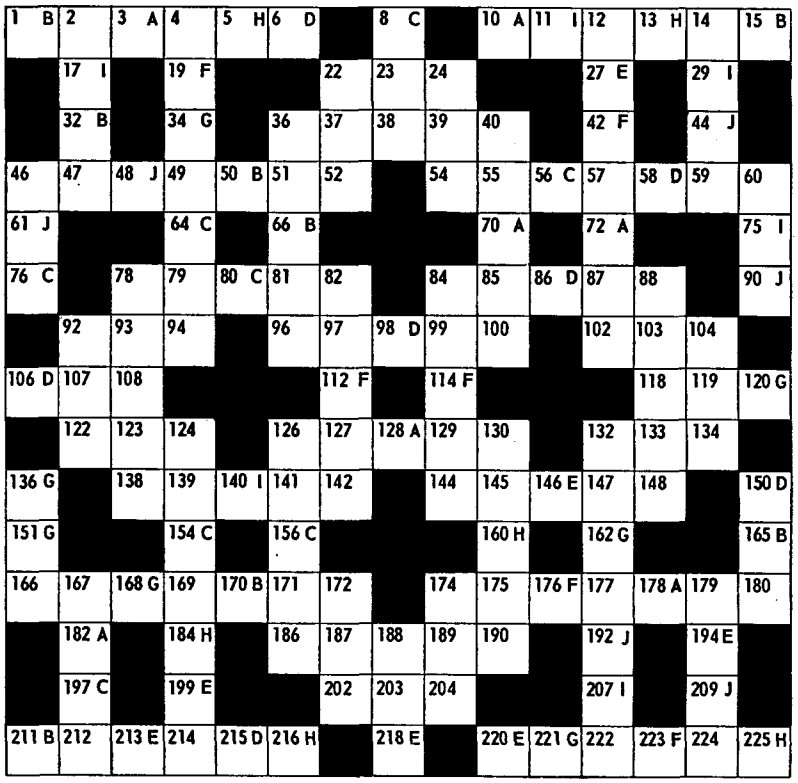
F
19 42 112 176 114 223 Except.

G
34 120 136 168 162 151 221 One who takes up residence in a new land.

H
13 184 5 216 160 225 Son of Daedalus.

I
75 207 11 17 140 29 "No man hath walked along our roads with step / So _____." Landor, "To Robert Browning."

J
44 192 209 90 48 61 Chinese philosopher (c. 604-531 B.C.) (3-3).



ACROSS

1. The Acrostician's popular nickname (3,3).
10. A long step taken by the best riders.
22. The sum of fatal leaps.
36. If you are wool-gathering, you'll need Uriah and his mother.
46. Apparently the French male offspring study these.
54. Where the Grand National is run entire; a place near Liverpool.
78. Gulps up most of the complimentary passages.
84. Rules by sound but controls anyhow.
92. Possesses cash but no century note.
96. The flanks of opposing teams
102. Have a go at guessing a former colonial possession.
106. Essays throwing a curve, so to speak.
118. Prevaricate but stay put.
122. A jewel of a megaphone without a phone.
126. Health-giving liquid may see into new arrangement.
132. The tree that makes a sound like a coat.
138. See a V-shape under the roof.
144. O, damn the Bedouin!
166. The act is on and these will speak louder.
174. Churchman is before tardy, it seems.
186. Halve in his last grasp, literally.
202. A strong desire for Japanese specie.
211. The retailer is not necessarily the leader.
220. Those appointments that try little saints.

DOWN

2. It will be a walk or a raise.
4. These shellfish sound strong and may smell so.
8. The drink in a typical English meal.
12. Start going on a tear with gin and you'll be hiring out.
14. Cut it out and pass out the cards, I say.
22. These expressions go with ohs and alter 92 across.
24. Fifty turned into the field.
36. A horse on shipboard will encounter these difficulties.
40. Heaps of bulwarking timbers.
46. Allow it to be rented.
60. Mix 136 down, but you can't this it.
78. The receiver of money has an eye on Pennsylvania.
82. Those who care for the soil use these structures.
84. Anagram of 84 across that's found in some trees.
88. A mass that uses five hundred different oils.
92. She sat out aghast because she's a witch.
104. The tune that comes into the open.
124. Apparently the three kings came to California and found it entrancing.
126. These birds are seen at the stern.
130. To woo on the tennis ground.
132. The error that everyone would call fay.
136. It grows in China and in quite a few other places.
150. It may be small but it's still 36 across.
167. A small company with me may arrive shortly.
172. Does this Yankee apple take up espionage?
174. Nip up the fastener.
179. Tease or set the pace.
188. Behind the batsman in a single game.

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Kong's Kin

GERALD WEALES

THE YEAR OF THE GORILLA, by George B. Schaller. *University of Chicago Press. $5.95.*

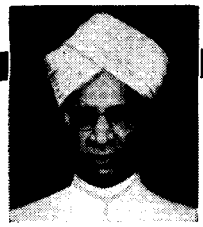
Of all the great apes, the gorilla has always been the most violent—at least in the popular imagination. Gorillas wandered in and out of the "B" pictures of the 1930's, seen by screaming heroines, unseen by placid comedians. They have been both sublime (*King Kong*) and ridiculous (the gorilla who trapped Laurel and Hardy and a piano on a narrow, swinging bridge over a chasm). The gorilla even made it in a symbolic way when Eugene O'Neill, going about his thematic business, ended *The Hairy Ape* by letting Yank be crushed to death by the beast he was greeting as brother.

It is hardly surprising that Hollywood, Broadway, and the comic strips should treat the shy gorilla as an aggressive monster when until recently his reputation was not much better on his home grounds. As Schaller writes in his new book, "The gorilla is usually pictured as a ferocious and bloodthirsty beast with an amazing array of human and superhuman traits, all basically treacherous." Although there are rumors about the great ape that go back as far as Roman times, the gorilla was not officially discovered (that is, no European or American had verified his existence) until 1847, when there were authenticated reports of the lowland gorilla (*Gorilla gorilla gorilla*). It was 1899 before the mountain gorilla (*Gorilla gorilla beringei*) was more than a legend. The myth of the gorilla's ferocity began in the days when he was still a half-glimpsed, manlike figure living deep in untraveled forests; but the myth grew stronger after formal classification (which means a corpse was carried in and examined) because the main contacts with him were from hunters and trappers out to kill and capture him, men not likely to ruin the stories of their own intrepidity by underrating the enemy. So we gave the gorilla all the worst traits of men and labeled him a nasty and cunning beast.

Just as we have a tendency to make animals in their native habitat fierce in a human way, we also try to turn the animals we get close to into parody human beings. We put bears on bicycles and chimpanzees into tutus, make seals play "America" on horns and then applaud themselves with their own flippers. In a less organized way, we stand in front of cages in zoos and bark, growl, purr, or cluck at the inmates, demanding that they be the lion or the gibbon we think they should be. The captive animal that does not become an extension of the human (as the zoo stars do) becomes a mere specimen, a vague creature masked by the identification plate attached to his cage.

If an animal is to become more than myth or parody or identification tag, he must be observed in his own environment. Schaller's earlier work, *The Mountain Gorilla, Ecology and Behavior* (University of Chicago Press, $10), grew out of the American Primate Expedition of 1959-1960. After six months of initial investigation in Africa, during which Schaller and John T. Emlen, Jr., determined the general distribution of the mountain gorilla, Schaller devoted more than a year to intensive observation, most of it in the Virunga Volcanoes of Albert National Park, Congo. He had to develop his own methods of observing because the paraphernalia of African expeditions—guns and equipment and bearers—are hardly designed to bring the observer close to the gorilla groups. Schaller and his wife, with only a handyman and a park guard to accompany them, spent months in isolation in the mountains.

Schaller found that he could best observe gorillas by letting them see him, by sitting quietly in the open while the animals, gradually accepting his presence, went about their



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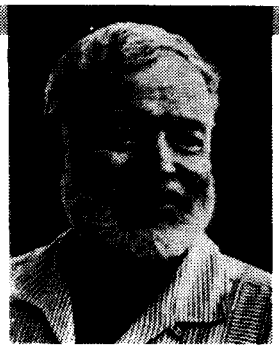

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gorilla business—foraging, resting, grooming, playing—sometimes coming as close as fifteen feet from him. This procedure gave him an opportunity to take detailed notes on feeding and nesting habits, on child care, on communication by voice and gesture, and on hierarchic structure within the group. He not only discovered as much as he could about the mountain gorilla in its native habitat, but he came to have a tremendous affection for the animal, to treat it as an idiosyncratic friend.

Of Schaller's two books, *The Mountain Gorilla,* which came out about a year ago, is by far the more fascinating to anyone interested in the animal itself, for it is here that he presents the results of his observation in an orderly and easily accessible way. *The Year of the Gorilla* is a much more personal book, one aimed primarily at a general audience. It is not a traditional adventure book, for Schaller has practically no sense of narrative. A general impression and field notes (many of them repeated from the earlier book), it shows vividly how the author felt about his African home and his gorilla neighbors. In effect, *The Mountain Gorilla* is an attempt to rescue the animal from the myths about him, and *The Year of the Gorilla* is an indication of why George B. Schaller was a likely man to go to the rescue. «»

A Rain Check On Utopia

RICHARD BIMONTE

IBSEN: LETTERS AND SPEECHES, edited by Evert Sprinchorn. *Hill & Wang. $5.75; Paperback, $2.45.*

When Bjornstjerne Bjornson celebrated twenty-five years as a practicing writer and political activist, his sometime friend Henrik Ibsen wrote this by way of tribute: ". . . should I have to decide what to inscribe on a monument in your memory, I would choose these words: 'His life was his greatest poem.' " Hardly suitable for a dust-jacket blurb; but then, constitutionally with Ibsen, every boost has a built-in knock. Though he was the first to admit that he lacked "a gift for citizenship," Ibsen was continually preoccupied with this theme of "poetry put into practice." For him it consisted of a complete, undistorted expression of self in terms of society: "We all try to do this, but most of us make a mess of it." Little wonder so many of his created characters suffer the same way, particularly those whose projection of inner poetry is directed at the political arena—Julian the Apostate and his "third kingdom," Rosmer with his nebulous program for reawakening Norway to nobility, or Dr. Stockman's scientific-symbolical high jinks over applied hygienics.

Peer Gynt, that tireless romanticist who would try anything once, and does, spends his life in the search for his own identity. The closest he comes is at a madhouse in Cairo, where the only worlds that inmates and keeper can feel at home in are hallucinatory ones not altogether unrelated to the madnesses that pass for sanity in the world outside. When, as an old man, Peer achieves self-identity, savagely in a shipwreck at the expense of an unfortunate cook, his survival is ironic: he isn't sure just what it is he has saved. Ultimately he discovers that a lifetime of occupation and preoccupation with the world at large has been meaningless, that his true self, living on in the heart of Solveig, never really left home. This is not so soggy a resolution as it sounds. After all, it is more shattering than sentimental for a senior citizen to learn that his life has been a total waste, that he spent it in the wrong places doing the wrong things, chasing after Arabian dancing girls and false gods.

The Ibsenian gallery of characters with their questioned vocations and itchy psyches remains peculiarly relevant to a time like ours, cluttered as it is with the rubble of gods that failed; a time when the long-awaited Lefty has shed his compulsion to show up by spilling all to his analyst, a Congressional committee, or both; a time in which doubting activists like Arthur Miller's John Proctor are immobilized into active doubters like his Quentin.

Ibsen launched his literary career amid the millennial frenzy of the

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late 1840's, a time of barricades, executions, wobbling monarchies, and *The Communist Manifesto*. A penniless apprentice and outcast, he latched onto Catiline, seeing him as an oversexed, undervalued revolutionary idealist well worth three acts of feverish verse. He ground out polemic doggerel, singing the splendor of Magyar upheaval and propagandizing for a bit of the same at home. But Norway chose instead to sit quietly on its status quo until the dust of abortive revolution settled on the Continent, and Marcus Thrane's labor movement—which had earned the young poet's sympathy and circumspect participation—was summarily squelched. Utopia took a rain check, and Ibsen emerged with a distinct distaste for man as a featherless biped receptive of political science—a distaste strong enough to last a lifetime.

But even a pessimist is capable of a measure of optimism where his own pessimism is concerned. Whether in the grandiose world-historical vein of *Emperor and Galilean* or the parochial shenanigans of *The League of Youth*, the synthesis of poetry and politics continued to fascinate him. He created character after character who persists in trying to translate private poetry into religious, political, social, or economic programs and just as persistently fails.

Politics, of course, thrives on the possible. But to Ibsen this seems shallow, unworthy. For the most part, his plays view the worldly and well-adjusted as people who attain what they desire only because they limit their desires to what is attainable. To the truly Ibsenian hero, nothing is worth doing unless it is impossible. Thus, Brand tries to organize a movement whose noble aim seems to be collective death and transfiguration on a frozen mountaintop; the Mayor sticks to his cozy valley, busily planning a new poorhouse, town hall, and jail.

Ibsen keeps insisting he has no use for "pothouse politics." Here, as elsewhere, he is a self-declared "heathen" who pooh-poohs the "emancipatory power of political measures" because they benefit the citizen, not the individual. So he says. But in the very next breath, he is spelling out his views on what the basic planks of a truly progres-

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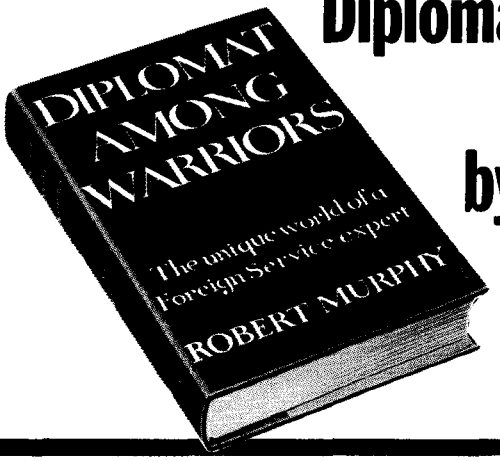

Diplomat Among Warriors by ROBERT MURPHY

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sive political program should be. He writes to Bjornson that "It is just as natural for you to put yourself at the head of things as it is for me to remain outside." Yet in a letter to his wife, he secretly confides that just by meeting and talking with Bjornson he was "able to ward off a veritable catastrophe for Norway, but about this I won't put anything on paper."

THERE IS much that Ibsen doesn't put on paper, and the plays at times seem deliberately designed to keep one guessing. The recent appearance of his collected letters and speeches, long out of print, is a welcome addition to the numerous retranslations of his plays that have been published over the past few years. Welcome, too, is the updated diction. (Gone are the lumbering Victorianisms of the earlier Laurvik-Morison edition such as "desiderate" and "acceptation.") Except for an occasional lapse ("Come and see us again real soon"), the accent of Ibsen—diffuse but perceptive—is accurately conveyed. He is a self-conscious letter writer who, without the discipline of revising and rewriting as he did with stage dialogue, is depressed by his inability to communicate clearly. But it is his very ambivalence toward ideas that best characterizes his thought; and these letters and speeches, interspersed with just enough historical and biographical notes, make fascinating reading in the light of the plays and the autobiographical ground they are rooted in.

Ibsen as a thinker is fuzzy, never quite sure at any given point whether he is regarding reality poetically or politically. It was this that led Lenin's early mentor Georgi Plekhanov in despair to classify him as a "petit bourgeois revolutionist" fallen prey to impossibly lofty Kantian imperatives. He probably sensed, too, that if Ibsen were to support a revolution, he would more than likely be its first revisionist. Ibsen puzzled practically all his contemporaries, who labeled him with equal justice (and irrelevance) arch-conservative and anarchist. He puzzles us still, and for the same reason: the gap between what can be and what should be has become no narrower.

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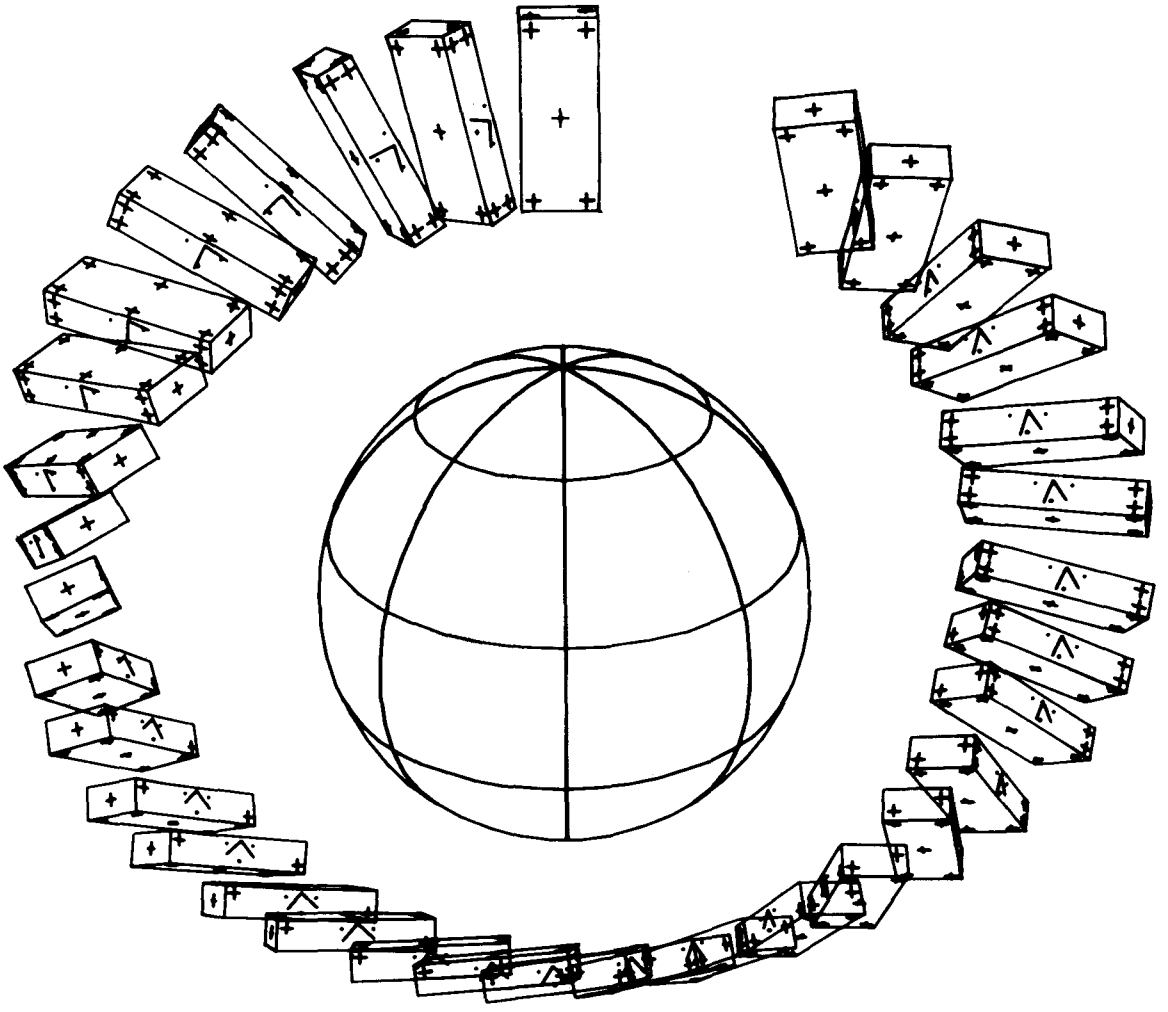

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